WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 26 – All Occasions

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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX



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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 26.

Lecture Recital: Three Women Poets of New England.

By GRACE B. FAXON.

NEW ENGLAND has furnished us so many shining lights of feminine poetic genius that to select adequate representatives from names like Louise Chandler Moulton, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Julia Ward Howe, Margaret Deland, Mary E. Wilkins, etc., places one in a position where individual preference must to a degree assert itself. I have chosen to consider the writings of three women who lived at the same period, of contrasting temperament, and whose hereditary endowments varied as greatly as did the environments among which fate had set each—Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter and Helen Hunt Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson's poetry unquestionably takes rank above that of any American woman and in the opinion of many above that of any Englishwoman but Mrs. Browning with whom she is often compared. A still more exalted position is accorded her if we may believe a story to the effect that some one who asked Emerson whether he thought that Helen Hunt occupied first place among the women poets of America received the reply, "I should leave out the *women*." The story is not impossibly true for in Emerson's private scrap-book, published in 1874, under the title "Parnassus," he inserts five of Mrs. Jackson's poems out of the few she had then published, and

she forms one of the group of only three American poets whom he especially mentions in this volume's preface.

Mrs. Jackson's works include a few—a very few—poems of domestic life, love poems of extraordinary intensity and fulness, verses showing intimate sympathy with external nature, a few odes of high dignity, and many contemplative poems, the last of such value as to give her the place she holds in poetic literature. It was entirely from this class of her poems Emerson chose for his collection before alluded to. His avowed favorite "Thought" well illustrates the section of her poems of contemplation.

(*Recite "Thought."*)

An interest is always acknowledged in a writer's first poems. Mrs. Jackson's show no crudity of craftsmanship. "Coronation" appeared in the *Atlantic*, 1869, in connection with which the pseudonym "H. H." was first used.

(*Recite "Coronation."*)

In lyric quality Mrs. Jackson falls far below Celia Thaxter and Lucy Larcom. Indeed there appears but little of this strain especially in her later writings. "When the Tide Comes In" is written in appealing rhythm, and may be quoted as the best example of her lyric poems.

(*Recite "When the Tide Comes In."*)

Among the pen pictures she has painted of external nature "September" and "October's Bright Blue Weather" stand out preeminent. Simply as she has chosen her words its faithfulness has won the former widespread renown.

(*Recite "September."*)

The last two verses because of their personal note—a rare thing with this author—are omitted when the reciter is simply revealing through the poet's eyes an early autumnal scene. That touch of personality seems to have irresistibly crept in and forms a subject of interesting conjecture for the romantic mind as to what particular event in the life of this brilliant woman so indelibly stamped "one day in one September."

Who does not love our ever loved second fall month still more after he reads "October's Bright Blue Weather"? One forgets the near approach of grim November and still drearier December and feels only a keen exuberance of joy in living amid such outdoor glories. An editor of an educational magazine annually brings this poem as a panacea for heavy-heartedness, popularly supposed to accompany the "melancholy days," to her readers' notice, with "no apology," as she says for its recurrence.

(*Recite "October's Bright Blue Weather."*)

What exquisite simile is discovered in Mrs. Jackson's dainty fragments of verse entitled "Dawn" and "Eve," descriptive of the rising and setting sun.

(*Recite "Dawn" and "Eve."*)

Granted Mrs. Jackson the position she holds among American women poets, with all respect to her fidelity to the scene or mood she is picturing, her skill as a colorist, and her dignity of conception, even her warmest admirers will admit that she has failed to come as near the people's hearts as her humbler sisters, Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter.

Why has she failed? Is it for the want of individual characterization? Hardly; Longfellow, the dearest of all American poets, shows himself to a high degree, personally reticent in verse. Lack of feeling certainly can not be attributed to Mrs. Jackson's poems for sympathetic tenderness fills them and an under thrill of sensitiveness breaks through the fine precision of faultless verse symmetry. We shall be obliged to content ourselves with the reasoning that the failure must lie in the fact that she rarely wrote on lines of common human experience, but usually expressed the emotions of exceptional and sensitive spirits.

This trait is more easily illustrated than defined. None of the poems previously used embrace the referred to element, but take, for instance, "Semitones," which highly typifies the larger number of Mrs. Jackson's poems.

(*Recite "Semitones."*)

Not that this poem does not breathe of truth—truth to a very human

feeling—and not that it does not represent poetry in a high form; but it does not reveal itself as such to the busy man or to the tired mother though they both may be lovers of poetry and impressionable people. But if the experience of which the sonnet speaks has come to them they very likely have not recognized it, consequently attach little importance to such flutters of sensibility.

Not that it is here intended to insist that only spiritual natures like Emerson, for instance, can interpret and take to themselves the loftier strains of Mrs. Jackson's utterances, but it is true that much of her poetry is concerned with subtleties of emotional experience such as appeal only to persons who are acquainted with their inner selves, who have attained the power to analyze and weigh each fleeting sensation—these are the ones who will delight in Mrs. Jackson's psychological verse studies. For the rest of us remain beautiful thoughts clothed in rich garments of completeness and clearness, which bring with their absorption a keener realization of the world's brightness and happiness.

Mrs. Thaxter's poetry does not attain the stateliness of Mrs. Jackson's but her verses are recognized as graceful, refined, distinctly feminine, yet womanly strong. She has taken her themes from the life and incidents about her and she has made the best use of her material, which after all is much the same as Emerson's with the difference between a barren island and a well wooded country town. Another difference is that she looks at her subject objectively and then treats it subjectively while Emerson does exactly the reverse.

Her poems show the closest observation of natural phenomena, especially of the changing seasons of the sea in its varying moods; and they are redolent of flowers even to the humblest weeds, thistle and mullein stalks, as well as elderberry, sumach and bayberry. She notes the habits of birds, butterflies and moths and the strange fish found in the waters around her lonely home; and she is unequaled in description of the great sea birds that swoop high above these rocky islands, while the smaller, more companionable ones, like the sandpiper, song sparrow, and swallow have no less frequently claimed the attention of her pen.

In " The Sandpiper," perhaps her best known poem, she has given us a wild sea scene with the little bird always in the foreground, the

materialism of the whole being made inferior to the subjectivity by the final and unexpected strain of sentiment.

(*Recite "The Sandpiper."*)

Her first poem, "Land-Locked," was published unknown to her by James Russell Lowell, editor of the *Atlantic* to which magazine she afterward became a frequent contributor. At the time Mrs. Thaxter had been married but a few months. She had exchanged her island home for an inland city one and the verses show her home-sickness for the sweet awful voice of the sea.

(*Recite "Land-Locked."*)

What music became to Celia Thaxter in the latter years of her life she shows in her poems on Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, and Schumann, of which one * of the two on Beethoven takes an apostrophic form, sublime in conception.

(*Recite "Beethoven."*)

Mrs. Thaxter's ability to write on any everyday incident is well exampled in a poem entitled "In a Horse-Car."

(*Recite "In a Horse-Car."*)

Mrs. Jackson's love poems may excel those of Mrs. Thaxter's in fervor but not in daintiness. "Because of Thee" is an exquisite fragment of this class.

(*Recite "Because of Thee."*)

Again, Mrs. Thaxter's "Autumn" well stands the test of comparison with Mrs. Jackson's poems descriptive of the fall months.

(*Recite "Autumn."*)

Tales of shipwrecks, of some of which she had been an eye witness, comprise most of Mrs. Thaxter's narrative poems, but one, "Heartbreak Hill," embodies a popular Essex County legend and is replete with local coloring.

(*Recite "Heartbreak Hill."*)

* The one beginning "If God speaks anywhere," etc.

The mournful song of the sea appears to have been not without its effect upon Mrs. Thaxter for a vein of sadness prevails in her writings which strangely contrasts with her sunny face and her established reputation for geniality. Her pensiveness does not reach the depths of Mrs. Jackson's analytical emotion studies, but because it is more distinctly human it appeals to the most of us as more convincing. The strain is not so pronounced but that we may ignore it if we choose, and at all events it does not injuriously impress us. In that dear little melody, "Sing, Little Bird," we feel the sweetness of the bird's song, the fragrance of the bright flower more keenly than we do the sorrow and darkness of the world that Mrs. Thaxter would have us simultaneously recognize.

(*Recite "Sing, Little Bird."*)

"Good-By, Sweet Day" is perhaps as famous as any of Mrs. Thaxter's poems. Certainly every heart must respond to the beauty, movement and thought of these exquisite lines.

(*Recite "Good-By, Sweet Day."*)

Of the three women whose writings I have chosen to consider I might place those of Lucy Larcom third in rank, but I should make haste to assert that with many persons she holds first place. Her poems are more nearly related to Mrs. Thaxter's than to Mrs. Jackson's for they treat of the material rather than of the spiritual. In many instances her verses are cruder than Mrs. Thaxter's, but they make up in wholesomeness of optimism and healthfulness of truth and common sense. I should say that much of Miss Larcom's popularity is due to her essentially American spirit inherited, and fostered by her early associations which are too well known to rehearse here. She represents the feminine as Whittier the masculine side of what may be fairly called "Americanism" in poetic literature.

Like Mrs. Thaxter Miss Larcom's home was beside the sea, and she has drawn upon it for many of her subjects. "Hannah Binding Shoes" and its companion piece "Skipper Ben" are generally considered her masterpieces, and they have achieved an international reputation.

(*Recite "Hannah Binding Shoes," following it with "Skipper Ben."*)

In many of her sentimental poems Miss Larcom has been likened to Whittier to whose constant encouragement of her work she acknowledged great indebtedness. It seems only just to make known, however, that "The Old School House" anticipated by several years Whittier's famous poem on the same theme.

(*Recite "The Old School House."*)

Miss Larcom sympathized with Whittier in his anti-slavery views, and like him wrote some stirring patriotic poems, her "A Loyal Woman's No" being one of the most popular lyrics of the war.

(*Recite "A Loyal Woman's No."*)

Of her poems descriptive of the seasons "November" may be cited as of value equal with Mrs. Jackson's "September" and Mrs. Thaxter's "Autumn."

(*Recite "November."*)

In making an analytical study of Miss Larcom's poetry it becomes apparent that her range is wider than Mrs. Jackson's or Mrs. Thaxter's. Indeed she finds expression in almost all forms of versification: the epic, as in "An Idyl of Work"; the ballad, relating some story or legend of early New England days; the lyric in numerous forms—pastoral songs breathing of fields and farms, lyrics of nature in all moods, lyrics of grief as when she chants the dirge of Whittier's sister Elizabeth, or tolls the passing bell of Lincoln, sacred lyrics in which she deals with the human heart's deep emotions, expressing its longing for immortality and its adoration of God; and her range is further enlarged by the sonnet and the stately ode. Her religious poems have met with great favor, as for example, "Hand in Hand with Angels" which keeps before one the thought of unseen spiritual presences.

As closing poem I will quote "In the Street" which deals with broad humanity and forcibly reminds one of Mrs. Thaxter's "In a Horse-Car."

(*Recite "In the Street."*)

A Kindergarten Christmas.

A Description by Mr. Milo Bush.

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.

"SHE hailed from round Boston somewheres, and she came out here and started one of these 'ere kindling-garters. Roped in all the small children in town and begun to learn 'em to string straws, and map out beans, and wad wet clay and such other practical things which would be useful to 'em when they growed up. Well, it seemed to be a good thing, though I don't reckon our folks would 'a' took much stock in it if it hadn't been for the girl herself. That there girl was the *prettiest* girl that ever struck the country. Such eyes as she had! And that mouth of hers!—well, I b'lieve if it could 'a' been done, that every man in town would 'a' had himself reduced to eighteen inches high and gone to school to her, and strung his straw, and wadded his gob of clay with thumbkins.

"She was the most enthusiastic girl—*and* the prettiest! She just kept us parents on the jump. Doing what, do you think? *Living for our children!* That was all, but it kep' us busy. Finally Christmas hove in sight, and the girl got more excited than ever. Called another mothers' meeting, and we fathers was on hand. The girl made another speech. Christmas was coming. Didn't we know the little song about Christmas? And wot it said about Sandy Claus? The song told especially of Sandy Claus's reindeers, and the children were much interested in the reindeers. Wot fond parent would volunteer to show the children a team of reindeers?

"I sprung to my feet while the other parents was leaning for'ard to rise, and says I: 'Miss, if we can find a pair of reindeers in Bon Pierre County, or even one reindeer, or *half* a reindeer, or a critter that *looks* like a reindeer, I'll drive him for the children.' 'Thank you,' says the girl, smiling at me; and if she'd 'a' asked me to drive two lions tandem *with* a hyener under the seat, I'd 'a' done it. 'And you are on the right track, Mr. Bush,' she goes on; 'there are, of course, no reindeers here. We must stimulate some reindeers, Mr. Bush.' 'Wot?' says I, thumbkin behind my ear, letting on I hadn't

heard. 'We must stimulate some reindeers—counterfeit 'em, you know.' Well, we all talked the matter over, and decided that the best we could do was to take a couple of mooley steers belonging to Zeb Woodbeck, and tie some horns on 'em, hitch 'em to a light sleigh, and let 'em sizzle, with me a-holding the reins, and mebbe calling cheerily: 'On, Prancer! Whoa, Dancer!'

"Well, there ain't much more to tell. I done it. 'Bout four o'clock in the afternoon, so's the little ones could go home and get to bed early. The plan was to have the children in front of the schoolhouse, and I was to dash around the corner, swing round the house a couple or three times, and then leave the sleigh and crawl through a hole in the back end of the building, and pop out behind the stove as the children come in the door, all frosty, and with flowing whiskers, and wearing pillers under my clothes, and with my nose red. It took a pile of fixing up, and when they got through with me my nose was the only thing which I could recognize as my own. Then I got in the sleigh down by the livery-barn, and drove up around, the steers trotting off pretty free, and the bells on 'em ringing lively. Then I swung 'em round the corner, and says I: 'On, Prancer! On, Dancer!' and the children clapped their hands, and the others begun to yell, and somehow it excited them critters, and they hopped up into the air, and yanked round their heads, and their horns fetched loose and tipped back and took 'em on the shoulders, and Dancer let out an awful 'B-a-a-a-r!' and Prancer kicked sideways at a dog, and they lit out down the main street like a bloo streak, me a-sawing on the reins and a-yelling 'The Night Before Christmas' at 'em in chunks. As we tore through town, both reindeers b-a-a-a-r-ing and kicking, the bells a-ringing, every dog in town close behind, making use of their own language, and my own voice not idle, we was said to 'a' presented a impressive spectacle. We tore on. After passing over six miles of prehayrie in a few minutes, I was throwed out by the sleigh striking a rock. Them stimulated reindeers went on. My knee was fractured, and I started to crawl back the six miles, singing cheerily, 'Clap, clap with glee; for Christmas is coming and merry are we!' My whiskers impeded my crawl a good deal by getting under my knees, but I reached the house of a settler about dark.

"'Didn't you go by here a spell ago sort as if you was in a kind of a hurry?' says he.

"'No,' says I; 'that was Sandy Claus.'

"'It looked like you,' says he.

"'We are one and the same,' says I; '*e pluribus unum*. I was stimulating Sandy Claus. Bring in some snow and thaw out my left earkin.'

"'See yere, old man,' says he; 'before I stir a step tell me wot in all creation you are making such a Tom-twisted fool of yourself for.'

"'I am living for a Boston kindling-garter teacher,' says I; 'fetch in that snow!'"

Ambition of a Statesman.

By HENRY CLAY.

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure,—ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself,—the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and I know well the honest misconception both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers, if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and let those who are charged with the care of the vessel of State to conduct it as they could.

I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism,—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence or their aggrandizement,—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now im-

peaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom.

I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect, to be. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland and renounce public service forever. I should there find in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, 'mid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land,—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people.

Aunt Susan's Quilt.

By EUGENE WOOD.

Monologue for a Woman.

COSTUME: Old-fashioned, quiet dress and shawl, poke bonnet with a rusty black feather, white wig combed down over the ears, a big breast-pin, black lace mitts. Enter, carrying a bulging carpet-bag and a big paper box.

Yessum, it's me 'r whut's left of me. An' glad to git back; not but whut I've enjoyed myself whilst I was down to York, but it's nice to be back home. Well, sir, give me Pokeberry Corners where a body kin hear theirselves think, an' where you know whut's goin' on an' who's who. 'Tain't whut you might call lonesome neither down to York.

I don't need to ask if you took good keer o' my bird. I don't know's I ever noticed his singin' sounded so s'rill. [*Pause.*] Yes.

[*Pause.*] Uh—uh. [*Pause.*] Well I d'know's I'd hang him right in the sun that way. [*Pause.*] Wouldn't he eat it? [*Pause.*] Well, you know he's used to havin' it fried fer him. I jist bet that cat's jist about run wild sence I ben gone. [*Pause.*] Well, 'twas awful good o' you, Mis' Parkins, to take care of the bird an' to feed the cat. [*Pause.*] Every day? Well, you know plants don't need to be watered more'n oncet every two or three days. You might ha' saved your steps an' you so much to look after an' all. I feel to say how much obleeged to you I am for your kindness. 'Twas reel neighborly of you. [*Business of picking up carpet sack and putting paper box under arm.*]

So if you'll jist gimme the key now an' hand me down the bird cage I'll go over and start a fire. [*Pause.*] Laws, yes, white satin, low neck an' short sleeves. [*Pause.*] Veil an' all. Yes. Orange-blossoms, too. Oh, jist lovely. [*Pause.*] White kid gloves. Come clear up about the elbow. [*Pause.*] Took 'em off to put the ring on. [*Pause.*] No. I reely must be gittin' home. Look how long I ben gone, week ago last—now don't you go to any trouble, Melissy Parkins. Land knows you've got enough to do. [*Pause.*] Well, ain't you bin livin' neighbor to me long enough to know I don't take no trimmin's in my tea? [*Business of drinking and then looking at the cup.*] I allus did like them sprigged cups o' yourn, Melissy. You got to will me them when you die. [*Pause.*] Sixty cents a pound! Why, Melissy! It's just splendid, though. Does a body so much good.

Well, I s'pose I oughtn't to be settin' here runnin' on about the weddin' an' that house a-lookin' like distraction. But I do' know's I ever enjoyed myself so much as I did then. Jimmy was never no great hand to write letters an' if I got one oncet a year why 'twas as much's I could expect. So when that invite to the weddin' come, thinks I, "I'll go, if it's the last act." I hadn't seen him for ten years, exceptin' once, that time he was up to Equity on law business an' jis' stayed over night. You know how kind o' peaked he used to be. Well, he's all filled out,—big, tall, fine-looking man he is. Gets that from his pa. The Larkins was allus big. But he's got his ma's looks an' ways. I was allus her favorite an' when she died, she left him to me to take care of. They say old maids do'

know nottin' about the rearin' of children, but I do' know's I got any cause to be ashamed o' Jimmy Larkin, the way he was brought up right from the bottle, an' sich a time as I had with him a-gettin' one cow's milk. He allus went to church an' Sunday-school an' allus was kep' clean an' nice for day-school, that is, nice's you kin keep boys, allus a-whoopin' an' hollerin' an' trackin' up the floor. I loved that boy as if he was my own, but he jist about druv me plum distracted in muddy weather, all over my nice clean floor till I made him set on the back porch an' pull off his shoes an' come in in his stockin' feet. [*Pause.*] Jist half a cup. Now there,—you've gone an' filled it. Tchk! Tchk! Well, I s'pose they's no use pourin' it back in the pot now.

So I jist made up my mind, go I would come what might. But you know what the Scripter says about not havin' on a weddin' garment. [*Pause.*] I got Elviry Hodges to make over that old black silk o' mine an' pert two rows o' jet trimmin's on it like I seen in the *Home Companion,* but laws! I woosht I'd 'a' done it myself. [*Pause.*] They're wearin' 'em more flarin' out at the bottom now. I took notice to that. An' then I thinks: "What'll I take to the infare?" For I jedged the bride would have quite a settin' out, her pa bein' well off an' Jimmy bein' right forehanded himself. You know that camel's-hair shawl he sent me last Christmas? Reel camel's-hair! Reel! Cost him $850. So you know I couldn't give the bride anything common. Well, what to give I didn't know till I thought o' that quilt.

So I got it out an' looked it over an' I says to myself: "If Jimmy's wife knows anything about housekeepin' an' especially what nice quiltin' is, she'll see that it wa'n't no one day's job to do this well, I guess not. Why, Melissy Parkins, I had that quilt in the frame five weeks an' three days. Five weeks an' three days. They's 2147 pieces into it. An' a good many of 'em was off o' dresses an' aparns 'at Jimmy wore when he was little. One was pink,—the first short dress he had. They was another piece of blue chambry, I recollect, made out of a sunbunnet he had all lined with fine white jaconet, that cost eighteen cents a yard. Things wuz dear in wartime. [*Subdued tone.*] Yes, his pa was killed to the war,—Antietam. [*Sighs.*] Melissy, if you got any more hot water, I will take another cup.

I mind a piece o' fine muslin in that quilt with a little pink sprig in it, that he wore to the celebration the time the war was over—time they had the bonfires an' the fireworks, an' the folks was just plumb wild an' distracted with joy. Don't you mind the Mt. Hope delegation was all little girls in white, ridin' in a ox-wagon all over posies an' the oxen's horns was hung with artificial flowers? Why, yes, you do, Melissy. Don't you recollect? An' that night every last blessed man in town got tight 'cause the cruel war was over. [*Pause.*] Yes, he was too, Melissy Parkins. You didn't marry him till afterward so you've no call to feel responsible for that.

Well, my laws! when I got off at the deepoo in New York an' come out there where they was a hull lot o' fellers in plug hats a-squackin' away like so many ducks, "keb, keb, keb, keb!" I was atchilly skeered. They looked as if they *drank*. An' they hollered so fierce-like at the people! Me not thinkin' to send Jimmy word o' course he wa'n't there to meet me an' which way to turn I *did-not-know*. [*Pause.*] Well, that's jist what I done. I jist walked up to one as bold's brass an' I says to him: "Mr. Policeman"—ye see I knowed him by his buttons—"I want to go to this place." And I showed him the address. Don't ask me how I got there [*gesture of despair*], but I did. [*Pause.*] His boardin'-house. Well, sir. You could ha' knocked him down with a feather, he was that s'prised an' tickled. An' he got me a room in his boardin'-house. [*Pause.*] Yessum, they told you right. The hot water an' the cold water jist squirts right outer the wall when you turn the fasset.

I slicked up an' went down to dinner. They call supper dinner down to York, ain't that too killin'? Well, sir, we had a long talk about old times an' about Helen. That's his wife, Helen Holbrook, that was. So I says to him: "Now in the mornin' you take me over to her house," I says, "an' I'll take right hold an' help her ma because," I says, "I know how 'twill be. Even if she does keep a girl," I says, "she'll have all she can do and more too," I says, "seein' to things," I says, "an' I'll be only too glad to help her," I says, "an' she needn't think 'twould be the least speck o' trouble to me," I says, "because I come prepared," I says, "I got a new big kitchen apron in my trunk right now," I says, "which I put in a-purpose," I says.

"They got a caperer hired," he says. "Oh, get out," I says, "I wasn't talking about cutting capers an' dancin'. Me at my time o' life," I says, "an' I never could dance unless it was the Virginiar Reel an' then had to be told what to do an' drug through it. [*Pause.*] Well, maybe 'twas *caterer;* anyways, he told me I was jist the same as a mother to him an' he wasn't going to have me play the servant. But between you and me and the gate-post, Melissy Parkins, I was disappointed, for I 'lotted on seein' how Helen's mother kep' house so's as I would know whether Helen'd be a good wife to my boy, for he *is* my boy.

But Lawsy, my! when I got to the weddin' the nex' night, I thought I'd go through the floor. My old black silk wa'n't nowheres. The women was jist a-glitterin' with diamonds like that alum-basket o' yourn when the sun strikes it, an' the men with spike-tail coats! tchk. But I didn't see none of 'em looked any finer'n my Jimmy. I felt so cheap that I sneaked into a corner behind some pa'ms whur I could see the bride. Awful sweet she looked. [*Pause.*] Hung way down her back and trailed on the floor. [*Pause.*] Oh, reel point lace, 'bout that deep [*measuring on finger*] down the front an' then look back tow'rds the basque [*sweep of hand back*]. Carried a prayer-book, ivory I guess. She's Episcopal. 'Twas reel solemn.

Well you know, when it was all over and they was congratulatin' 'em, I felt so out o' place that I slipped upstairs to the room where I had took off my bunnet an' shawl an' I looked acrost the hall an' there was the room full of presents the other folks had brought, silver an' cut-glass an' pictures, reel oil paintings, hand-painted, an' me with my little ole footy quilt. Laws! I jist kind o' turned one corner back, and there was the little piece o' sprigged muslin he wore to the celebration an' right nex' to it was a piece off the green gingham apern he wore the first day he went to school with the bunch o' flowers in his hand for the teacher an' me a-watchin' him down the street an' all a-trimblin' to think of the responsibilities that I owed to his poor dead mother an' to him an' how he was takin' the first steps that was leadin' him out into the world an' away from me an' here he was now a grown man an' a honor to his perfession an' to me though I was no honor to him, among all them fine folks, an'

my throat was all hurtin' me an' the tears was coming to my eyes, when all of a suddint, I heard a dress swishin' beside me an' ther' was Helen with her arms around my neck and Jimmy standin' by.

"We've been lookin' for you every place," she said. "When James—my husband"—I reckon I was the first person she used them words to, speaking of my Jimmy—"when my husband told me you were here," she says, "and you came so far to see us married, I just wanted to put my arms around you and hug you good," she says, "and tell you how I want to be as good a wife to him as you have been an aunt." An' I put my arms around her an' bust out a-crying an' we jist rocked back an' forth for my heart was full. An' I could see where the rascally dressmaker had jist tacked on the heading of the bridal dress an' 'stid o' sewing it on firm it was comin' off.

Then Jimmy, kind o' fumbling around, says: "Why, auntie," he says, "ain't this a quilt? Looks like the kind you used to make."

"You let that be," I says, for I wasn't goin' to let 'em see it. But he snatched it away from me and says, "Look here, didn't you bring this for a weddin' present. Injun giver!" he says, "make a present an' then take it back."

"I some thought I would give it to your wife," I says, "it ain't very fine," I says, "but every stitch in it I made myself an' it took me five weeks an' three days, what time I could spare on it," I says, "an' they's 2147 pieces in it some of them from the first clothes I made you," I says, "an' one from a dress your ma used to have but it ain't fine enough," I says, an' I was goin' to say more but Helen, she up and kissed me right on the mouth an' you know you can't talk when somebody's a-kissin' you. I know that even if I am an old maid, an' then she says, "All them fine things in there," she says, a-pointin' to the room where the rich presents were, "was all bought to the stores with money, but what you give is all made yourself. Oh, my! what beautiful stitches!" she says, "how could you ever do it?" she says.

An' we set right down there an' visited an' I told her all about the dresses Jimmy had an' what happened to him when he was a little boy an' how he poured coal oil on his hair so's to be like Aaron in the Bible when he was anointed with oil. An' we jist had a grand time.

I stayed on with her pa and ma after the bride and groom left an' we went everywhere an' seen everything. My laws! I got enough to talk about my hull endurin' life. [*Pause.*] You got the hull set o' these cups and saucers? [*Pause.*] Well, of course, the cups does get broke quicker'n the saucers. [*Pause.*] Well, I was thinkin' o' borryin' them next week when Jimmy an' Helen stops over on their weddin' tower.

A Christmas Carol.

By PHILLIPS BROOKS.

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all,
No palace too great and no cottage too small,
The angels who welcome him sing from the height:
"In the City of David, a King in His might."
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round
Shall see a strange glory, and hear a sweet sound,
And cry: "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,
O, sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight."
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

A Tale of Christmas Eve.

By permission of The Designer.

IT was the eve of Christmas, the snow fell slowly down,
And like a mantle overspread the little seaport town.
Within a solitary street the oil lamps glimmered low,
Their feeble ray could not pierce through their covering of snow;
The cottages on either side no cheery welcome gave,
Their inmates slept, and all was dark and silent as the grave.
But see that gabled cottage at the corner of the road,
The flagstaff plainly showing it's a mariner's abode.
A light streams from the window, so unlike to all the rest.
The garden gate is opened wide, as if to greet a guest;
But who on such a night as this would dare to venture forth?
The snow drifts deep, the bitter wind blows from the chilly north.
Yet there is one who fights against the fury of the night;
With stumbling steps he staggers on, a shapeless mass of white;
The snow-flakes fly into his eyes and freeze upon his hair,
His frozen limbs can scarce support the burden they've to bear.
He falls, and for a moment in the soft white snowdrift lies;
A dreamy feeling o'er him steals, he has no wish to rise;
He must not linger there, nor to such thoughts as these give way,
Or never more will he behold the blessed light of day.
With pain he rises to his feet and struggles on once more,
Until with weary limbs he comes up to the cottage door.
He gazes through the window with a keen and eager look.
An old dame by the fireside is reading from a book.
She reads aloud an ancient tale, her voice is low but clear.
The wanderer starts—he little thought that tale again to hear.

She reads of how a son forsook his home and parents, yet
They never ceased to think of him with longing and regret;
And while his time was spent in folly, riotous and wild,
The parents daily prayed that God would send them back their child.
The wanderer's heart is all aflame, his eyes with anguish burn
As once again he hearkens to the Prodigal's return.
The tale is ended, and the book is carefully laid by.
The dame removes her spectacles and wipes the glasses dry;
She moves the lamp, and thus lights up a corner of the room
Where until now a gray-haired man was sitting wrapped in gloom.
"Now, mother," says the old man, "it's near midnight, I believe;
The bells will ring in Christmas soon, for this is Christmas Eve.
Put up the latch, let down the chain, and leave the door ajar;
Take care to see that it is free from every bolt and bar.
For ten long years on Christmas Eve this I have always done,
But now I'm blind and helpless, and no use to any one;
But your eyes, mother, are as bright as twenty years ago;
I can not see them now, but still I know they must be so.
Then, mother, you see to the door, for when he's ceased to roam,
On some such night as this, maybe, our boy will come back home.
On Christmas Eve he left us when he ran away to sea,
On Christmas Eve he will return to mother and to me.
And when he comes, old woman, he shall have a welcome warm,
Where'er he be, on land or sea, God keep him safe from harm!"

The wind and snow beat on the door, and drove it open wide.
With arms outstretched and trembling feet the wand'rer stepped inside.
"O father! mother! I've come back! forgive!" was all he said.
The blind man started from his seat and raised his sightless head,
The mother gazed like one amazed. "Ah, God!" she cried. "At last!"
Then rushed into the wand'rer's arms and held him tightly clasped.
The Christmas bells chimed merrily their tale of peace and joy,
As once again the aged folk embraced their long-lost boy.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Ode.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame?
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

The Queen's Last Ride.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE Queen is taking a drive to-day,
They have hung with purple the carriage way;
They have dressed with purple the royal track
Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labor as she goes by,
On her last appearance to mortal eye.
With heads uncovered let all men wait
For the Queen to pass in her regal state.

Army and navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day.
Kings and princes and lords of the land
Shall ride behind her, a humble band.

And over the city and over the world
Shall flags of all nations be halfmast furled
For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the courts of earth,

Riding away from the world's unrest
To a mystical goal on a secret quest.
Though in regal splendor she drives through town,
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown,
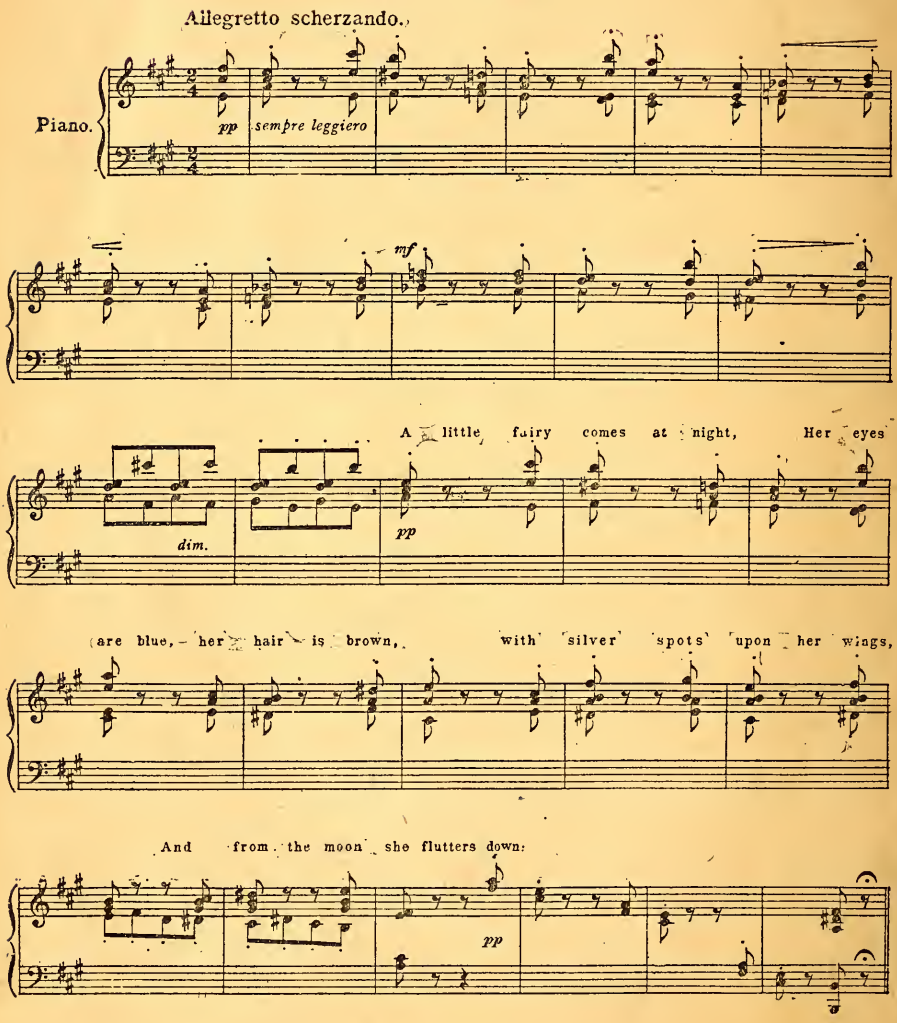
And yet she wears one; for, widowed no more,
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,
And crowned with the love she has left behind
In the hidden depths of each thinking mind.

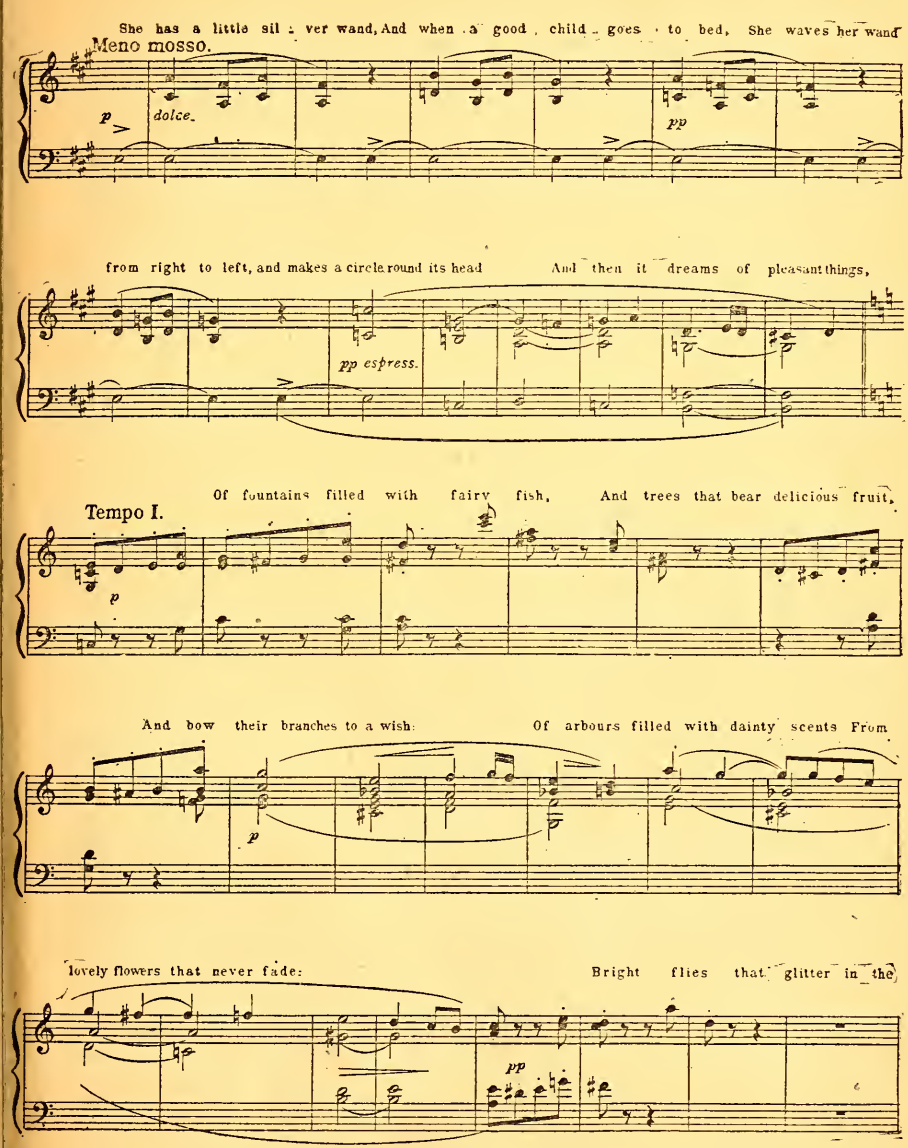
Uncover your heads, lift your hearts on high,
The Queen in silence is driving by.

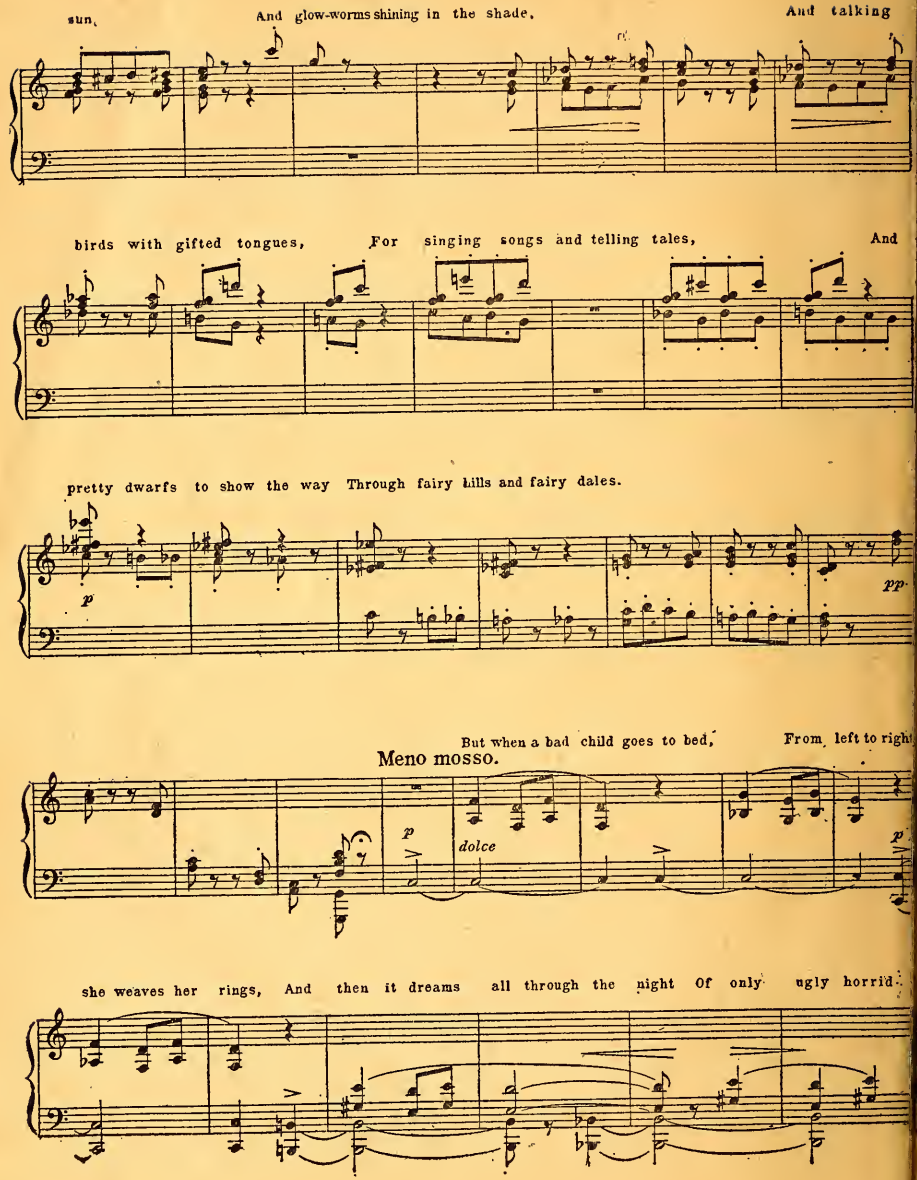
Queen Mab.

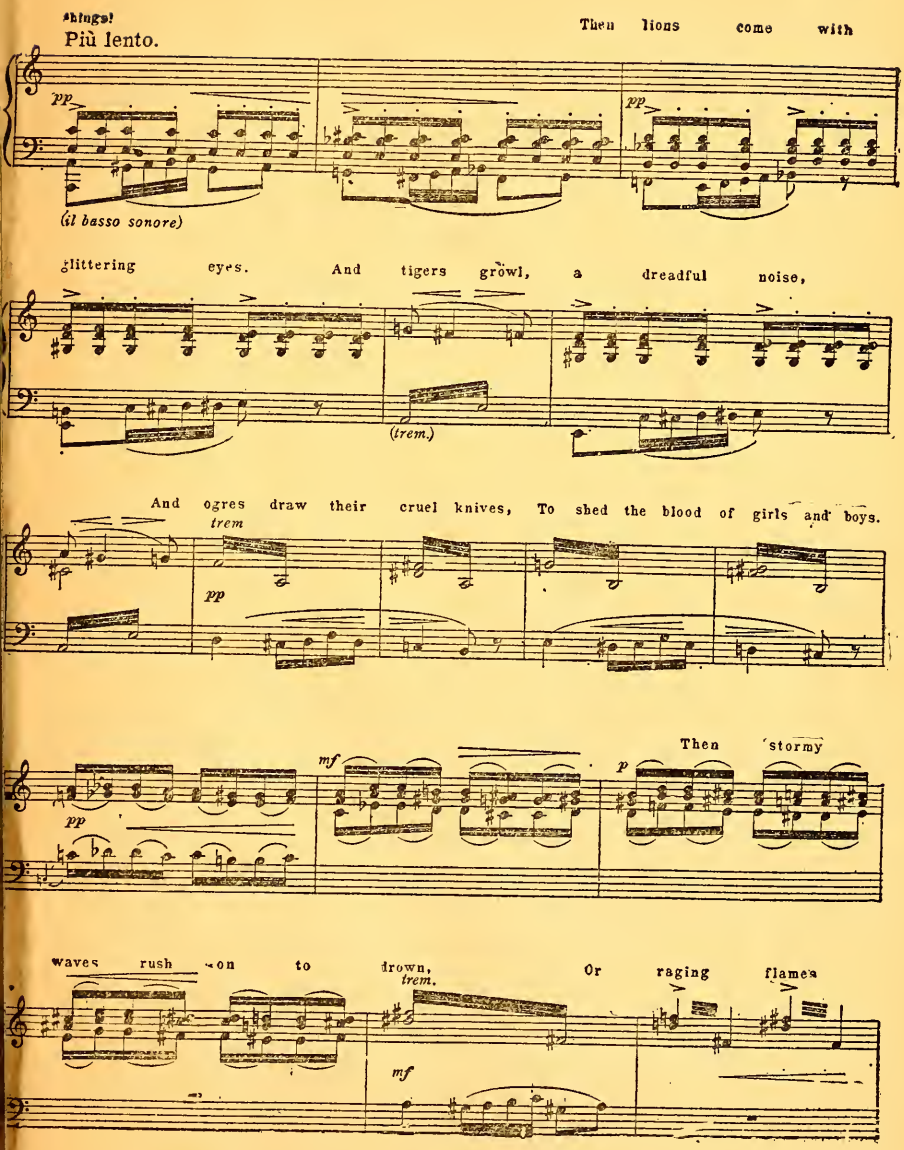
By THOMAS HOOD.

A Musical Recitation.
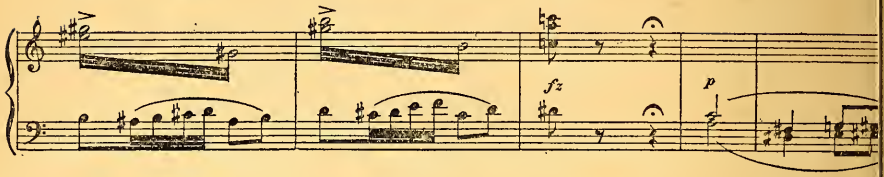



She has a little sil : ver wand, And when a good child goes to bed, She waves her wand
Meno mosso.
p
dolce.
pp
from right to left, and makes a circle round its head And then it dreams of pleasant things,
pp espress.
Of fountains filled with fairy fish, And trees that bear delicious fruit,
Tempo I.
p
And bow their branches to a wish: Of arbours filled with dainty scents From
p
lovely flowers that never fade: Bright flies that glitter in the
pp
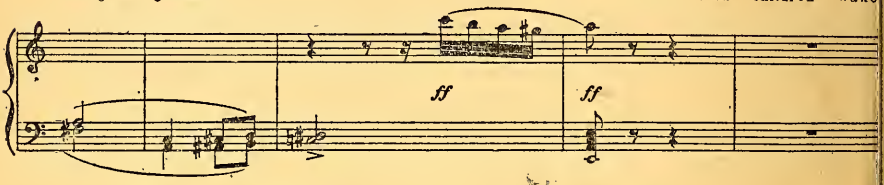

sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade,
And talking
birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And
pretty dwarfs to show the way Through fairy hills and fairy dales.
p
pp
But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right
Meno mosso.
p
dolce
p
she weaves her rings, And then it dreams all through the night Of only ugly horrid


things!
Più lento.
Then lions come with
pp
pp
(il basso sonore)
glittering eyes. And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
(trem.)
And ogres draw their cruel knives, To shed the blood of girls and boys.
trem
pp
Then stormy
mf
p
pp
waves rush on to drown,
trem.
Or raging flames
mf
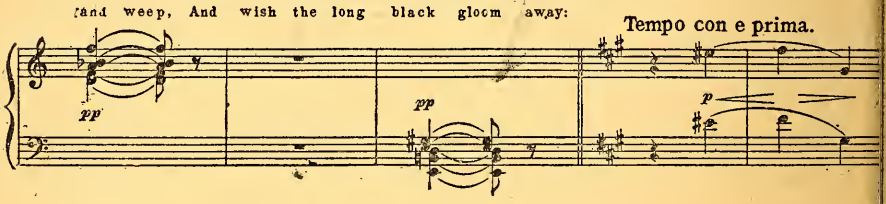
come scorching round, Fierce dragons hover in the air And serpents crawl
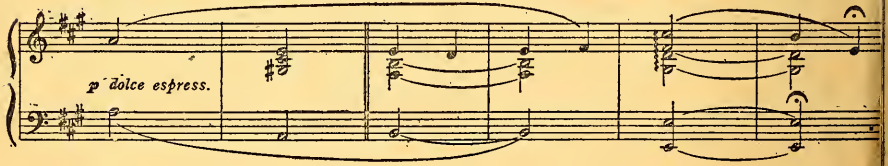


along the ground. Then wicked children wake
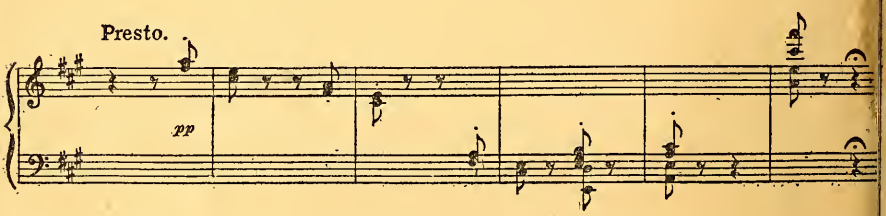


and weep, And wish the long black gloom away:



But good ones love the dark, and find the night as pleasant as the day:





A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her hand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things.

The lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round,
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long, black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

A Remarkable Honeymoon Trip.

By LAURENCE LEE.

AN accommodation train on a distant railroad was dragging along when a long, lean and sallow woman, in what appeared to be subdued bridal finery, leaned across the aisle of the car and said seriously to a lady sitting opposite her:

"Dear me! It's a kind of a solemn thing to be travelin' with two husbands, now, ain't it?"

"I do not know what you mean," replied the lady.

"Oh, miebbe not. Well, you see, my first husband died 'bout a year ago an' was buried over in Patrick county, and last week I was married ag'in, an' me an' my second husband have been over in Patrick county on a little weddin' tower, an' I thought I'd kinder like to have my first husband buried in the graveyard nigh where I'm goin' to live now, and my second husband was willin', so we tuk my first husband up an' he's in the baggage car along with our other things. My second husband is settin' out on the platform takin' a smoke, an' I been settin' here thinkin' how solemn it is to go on a weddin' tower with two husbands. It's a turrible solemn piece of bizness when you come to think of it."

The Old Actor's Story.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

MINE is a wild, strange story,—the strangest you ever heard;
There are many who won't believe it, but it's gospel every word;
It's the biggest drama of any in a long, adventurous life;
The scene was a ship, and the actors—were myself and my new-wed wife.

We'd acted together in England, traveling up and down
With a strolling band of players, going from town to town;
We played the lovers together—we were leading lady and gent—
And at last we played in earnest, and straight to the church we went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the ring,
And swore that I'd love and cherish, and endow her with everything.
How we smiled at that part of the service when I said, "I thee endow!"
But as to the "love and cherish," I meant to keep that vow.

Well, at last we got to London, and did pretty well for a bit;
Then the business dropped to nothing, and the manager took a flit,
Stepped off one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury call;
But our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet to fall.

We got an offer from Melbourne,—got it that very week.
Those were the days when thousands went over to fortune seek,
The days of the great gold fever, and a manager thought the spot
Good for a "spec," and took us as actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves to please—
And we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune across the seas.
We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long and rough;
We hadn't been out a fortnight before we had had enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind a storm,
When misery came upon us,—came in a hideous form.
My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last so bad
That the doctor said she was dying,—I thought 'twould have sent me mad,—

Dying where leagues of billows seemed to shriek for their prey,
And the nearest land was hundreds—aye, thousands,—of miles away.
She raved one night in a fever, and the next lay still as death,
So still I'd to bend and listen for the faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping, with a smile on her thin, wan face,
She passed away one morning, while I prayed to the throne of grace.
I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I said,
Till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my wife was dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They forced me away that night,
For I raved in my wild despairing, the shock sent me mad outright.
I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head on the side,
And all day long in my madness, "They've murdered her!" I cried.

They locked me away from my fellows,—put me in cruel chains,
It seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the surgeon's brains.
I cried in my wild, mad fury, that he was a devil sent
To gloat o'er the frenzied anguish with which my heart was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy upon my wrists,
And my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my fettered fists,
Beat at my prison panels, and then—O God!—and then
I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurrying men.

I heard the cry, "Ship a-fire!" caught up by a hundred throats,
And over the roar the captain shouting to lower the boats;
Then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of burning wood,
And the place grew hot as a furnace, I could feel it where I stood.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking, "I will not die!
Die in this burning prison!" but I caught no answering cry.
Then suddenly, right upon me, the flames crept up with a roar,
And their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my prison door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down to death;
I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burning breath
Of the flames that danced around me like man-mocking fiends at play,
And then—O God! I can see it, and shall to my dying day.

There lay my Nell as they'd left her, dead in her berth that night;
The flames flung a smile on her features,—a horrible lurid light.
God knows how I reached and touched her, but I found myself by her side;
I thought she was living a moment; I forgot that my Nell had died.

In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back to my brain;
I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain;
Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies?
The dead woman's lips were moving, the dead woman opened her eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell! my Nell!"
They had left us alone and helpless, alone in that burning hell,
They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—and she
Had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the sea.

I clutched at her, roused her shrieking, the stupor was on her still;
I seized her in spite of my fetters,—fear gave a giant's will.

God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames and the wreck
Up—up to the air, and brought her safe to the untouched deck.

We'd a moment of life together,—a moment of life, the time,
For one last word to each other,—'twas a moment supreme, sublime.
From the trance we'd for death mistaken, the heat had brought her to life,
And I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband and wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed away,
When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo, there lay,
Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by;
They had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up the sky.

I shouted a prayer to heaven, then called to my wife, and she
Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her, and I was free;
Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance of life.
Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my dear old wife.

Lotty's Message.

By ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH.

CAN you listen to a heart-thrilling story
Of pathos, and passion, and sin,—
A tale of the tragical sorrow
That comes of the liking for gin?
Your ear, then, good friends, and I'll tell it,
In just as plain words as I can,
How honest Jack Drew was a drunkard,
And how he became a new man.

For Jack was a right honest fellow,
And handsome and stalwart, as true,—
A forgeman, who wrought a steam hammer,
And a large weekly "pay-bill" he drew;
So Jack, like his fellows, got married,
And had in good time a wee "tot,"
A sweet little flaxen-haired darling
As ever fell to a man's lot.

'Twas Lotty they called her—"Wee Lotty"—
And well was the darling caressed,
Till the passion for drink, like a demon,
Killed all the sweet love in his breast;
For Jack, who was once a good husband,
As never was known to go wrong,
Began to dip into the "strong stuff,"
And the end, you may guess, wasn't long.

And Lotty's poor mother, alas, sirs,
Now that her "dear Jack" was astray,
Broke down in the fight to make ends meet,
And passed straight to heaven away!
And Jack for a moment was sobered,
And drew himself back from the brink
Whereon he'd been reeling in madness,—
The horrible hell-pit of drink!

But, alas for the heart's human weakness!
And, alas for the power that's in gin!
Jack went back, like a tiger unsated,
To drink down the horror within!
And Lotty, neglected wee Lotty,
She, too, was fast wearing away
To the land where her mother had gone to
Two years since, last Christmas day.

Well, one night in the depth of wild winter,
When snow lay on house-top and street,
Jack came home with fierce fire in his sunk eyes,
His face gone as white as a sheet;
"Lotty, get me a copper on these, lass!
And hurry up! quick! or I'm done!
The 'Pawns' will be shut in a minute,
And to get you in time, lass, *I've run!*"

And he handed poor Lotty her wee boots,—
The only good pair she had got;
"Oh, father, the Sunday School Soiree,
Next week!" and she smiled at the thought.
"Curse the Sunday School Soiree! Be quick, child!
Run run the whole way all your might;
I *must* have more drink, or, God help me,
The river will have me to-night!"

"Hush, father! don't speak so! I'll go! yes,
I'll run as I ne'er ran before,
Though weak with a touch of the fever—"
"Off! make yourself scarce! out the door!"
So the poor child—ill-clad and sore ailing,
Slow dying of want and despair—
Ran out on the cold snows barefooted,
Death-pierced by the cutting night-air.

But Lotty ran hard with the "off'ring,"
As hard and as fast as she could,
Till checked by a sudden exhaustion;
Then—*slowly* her way she pursued.
Weak and fainting at heart she crept onward,
Holding on by the wall as she went;
A strange blinding mist o'er her eyesight,
And fear in her heart, weak and spent,

Till, reaching the pawn-shop's dark threshold,
The strong door was slammed in her face,
With a "Come back to-morrow, young slow-coach;
We don't 'low five minutes of grace!"
So, Lotty, struck dumb with chill terror,
Crept back to her father's abode,
Sinking down in his presence, exhausted,
As if crushed by a terrible load.

"Where's the money, the money? oh, curse you!
These boots! you have hung back till late!"
"Nay, father, I ran without stopping,
Till my breath felt crushed under a weight;
My boots, I'd have pledged them to serve you,
But just as I reached the 'Pawn' door,
'Twas shut in my face——" "You lie, Lotty!
Take that!"—and she swooned on the floor.

Yes, he lifted his clenched fist and struck her,—
Struck down the sweet child of his love!
For he loved her—but loved the gin better!
And the angels wept sorrow above;
Remorse in his heart, he bent downward,
And tenderly lifted the child;
Then placed her upon her straw pallet
And well-nigh with anguish went wild.

"Oh, you won't die, sweet Lotty!—speak!—say so!"
And he wiped the warm blood from her face,
"I was mad, worse than mad, when I struck you,
A wretch undeserving of grace.
Oh, speak, Lotty!—speak! I'm your father!
Sin-bruised both without and within:
It wasn't your father who struck you,
'Twas the demon that's born of gin!"

As beauty and peace are prefigured,
When God's love has rainbowed the sky,
A smile lighted up Lotty's features,
An Iris let down from on high:
"No, father, 'twas not you that struck me,
I know it; 'twas just the bad drink;
God will take these, your tears, as repentance,
And strike off your chains, link by link.

"To be with you, and comfort you, father,
I fain for a lifetime would stay;
But, just now, do you know, I saw mother,
And—I feel that I'm going away.
Have you not one sweet word for her, father?
I should like so to speak of you fair;
Just one dear word of grace from your own lips,
A message of love to take there?"

"Lotty, tell her I've signed it!—yes, *signed* it!—
The 'Pledge' she oft spoke of while here;
With my heart's anguished blood it is written,
Though the trace of it mayn't appear.
Tell her, Lotty, I'll join her in heaven,
God-willing—for yours and her sake;
That's my one word of love to your mother,
The message of peace you will take."

A smile lit the wan face of Lotty,
A smile that was not of this earth,
For long ere the break of the morning,
She passed to her heavenly birth.
And Jack, poor dear fellow, he lives yet,
Though sober and sad-like of face;
And he hopes a reunion in heaven,
Where he sent Lotty's message of grace.

Mary Ellen Attends a School of Elocution.

By MARY S. HOPKINS.

MARY ELLEN, me daughter, is as foine a gerrel as yez could foind in all the burrers av New York, not to be talkin' av Hoboken and the unmixed disthrics, barrin' the airs she do be a-pittan an, and the call she hov av mixin' in wid phat is none av her business. Wid her Female Sufferers club, her electrocution colleges, where she learned to trun herself around and shout herself hoarse over something she knows as little about as her brother Danny does when he hollers for free trade—thinkin', no doubt, that he can get aff widout payin' phat he owes at the corner groceray. An Mary Ellen a-yellin' about a beggar that had lost his mind an' she a-wantin' some wan to "*Pay,* PAY, PAY." "Pay phat?" sez Oi, when she was goin' 'round the house a-practoysin'. "Sure it's as much as any honest man or woman can do these days to pay their own debts," sez Oi. "Well, mother," sez she, "ye don't understand. This is a call for the English paple to take care of the English soldiers' families phile they be fightin' the Bores," sez she, "down in South Africa," sez she. "An' they hov all lost their moinds?" sez Oi. "Well, it's no wonder," sez Oi, "an' it's too bad," sez Oi. "Wudn't it be a payin' job," sez Oi, "to shut them up in a lunatic asoylum," sez Oi, "an' if they want to bate out their inimies (which the Lord forbid they do!) sind down some min that can take their moinds wid thim an' settle the row. But will ye be good enough to tell me, me gerrel, phat a full-blooded American lady loike yoursilf hov to do wid it? A foine thing, indade, for a daughter av Michael O'Grady that's voted the Dimmeycrat ticket since the day he landed to be stanin' in front av the paple askin' pay for English fighters that are absent moinded or any other moinded, or their kids ayther. Ye'd betther be lavin' sooch work to the illegant ladies that cooms over here and gets up tay-parties and pulls the legs av the pathrits. Git along with sooch nonsense! Whin yez get toired Oi suppose yez'll sthop," sez Oi. An' wid that she tuk hersilf aff—a-bangin' the dure behind her.

Was Oi tellin' ye the way Mary Ellen kem to make sooch a fule

av herself wid her school av oratorio airs? She'd been talkin' for a long time about a man she called Mr. Delsthart, or Upsthart—all the same, she was goin' woild over his atheistic jimjamastics, and that she wanted to go to the school and larn to rade. "An' will ye tell me," sez Oi, when she sthopped for breath, "phat ye were doin' when yez war a shlip av a gerrel if yez didn't larn to rade—playin' hookey?" sez Oi. "Oh," sez she, "that war only plain, straightaway radin' that anywan cud undhersthand," sez she. "Sure Oi wants to learn to rade the way no wan livin' will know phat's it all about," sez she. Wid that Oi tould her to shut up an' go an' find as big a fool as herself to talk wid, and to kape her quoit Oi tould her she could take phat she call a coorse in electrocution. Not very long afther Moichael kem running down the sthairs. "Rin for yer loife, Julia," sez he; "Mary Ellen hov a fit!" So upsthairs Oi goes, and there sthand Mary Ellen in the middle av the flure, shakin' loike she hov the ager. "Oh, Mary Ellen, dear," Oi croied, "wait till your mother gets to ye!" "Oh, don't be frightened," sez she; "there's not a haporth the matter wid me," sez she. "Oi'm only dacomposin'." "Well, then, I think that's quoit enough," sez Oi; "dacomposin' before you're did. Sure if yez want to doy, phy don't yez go to bed and doy like a Christian," sez Oi, "an' not be stannin' there shakin' the finger nails aff ye," sez Oi. An' wid that she begin sthritchin' herself as if she'd shlept for a wake, then she bind herself over double, like a pace av an ould carpet thrun over the back fince. "An' now will yez tell me," sez Oi, "phat is the manin' av all this?" sez Oi. "Oh," sez Mary Ellen, "thims me exercoises," sez she. "Well, now," sez Oi, "it would be far more to your credit," sez Oi, "if yez be in nade av exercoise to go down sthairs and foind it over the washtub," sez Oi, "an' not be lavin' your poor ould mother smash her bones," sez Oi.

But the gerrels is good for nothin' at all nowadays but thrampooshin' the sthreets wid bandy-legged jude boys wid a jack-in-the-pot rose in their coats, the toime av day in their pockets an' very little else. And then she begin drawin' an the wursht lookin' moog Oi iver laid me two eyes an, an' she sthannin' in front av the lookin'-glass. "Don't do that agin," sez Oi; "don't do that agin!"

"Thot's phat Oi'm larnin' at the school av expressin'," sez she. "Well, ye'd betther sthop that," sez Oi, "or they'll very soon be expressin' you," sez Oi, "to Mr. Bloomindale's asoylum," sez Oi, "phere ye'll not be at all lonely for want av paple makin' oop the same koind av faces."

The Three Fishers.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West—
Out into the West as the sun went down—
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

How Bateese Came Home.

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D.

W'EN I was a young boy on de farm, dat's twenty year ago
I have wan frien' he's leev near me, call Jean Bateese Trudeau
An offen w'en we are alone, we lak for spik about
De tam w'en we was come beeg man, wit' moustache on our mout'.

Bateese is get it on hees head, he's too moche educate
For mak' de habitant farmerre—he better go on State—
An' so wan summer evening we 're drivin' home de cow
He's toie me all de whole beez-nesse—jus' lak you hear me now.

"W'at's use mak' foolish on de farm? dere's no good chances lef'
An' all de tam you be poor man—you know dat's true you'se'l;
We never get no fun at all—don't never go on spree
Onless we pass on 'noder place, an' mak' it some monee.

"I go on Les Etats Unis, I go dere right away
An' den mebber on ten-twelve year, I be riche man some day,
An' w'en I mak' de large fortune, I come back I s'pose
Wit' Yankee famme from off de State, an' monee on my clothes.

"I tole you somet'ing else also—mon cher Napoleon
I get de grande majorité, for go on parliament
Den buil' fine house on borde l'eau—near w'ere de church is stand
More finer dan de Presbytere, w'en I am come riche man!"

I say, "For w'at you spik lak dat? you must be gone crazee
Dere's plaintee feller on de State, more smarter dan you be.
Beside she's not so healtee place, an' if you mak' l'argent,
You spen' it jus' lak Yankee man, an' not lak habitant.

" For me Bateese! I tole you dis; I'm very satisfy—
De bes' man don't live too long tam, some day, ba Gosh! he die—
An' s'pose you got good trotter horse, an' nice famme Canadienne
Wit' plaintee on de house for eat—w'at more you want, ma frien'? "

But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop him at all
He's buy de seconde classe tiquette, for gon on Central Fall—
An' wit' two-t'ree some more de boy,—w'at tink de sam' he do
Pass on de train de very nex' wick, was lef' Rivière du Loup.

* * * * * * *

Wall! mebbe fifteen year or more, since Bateese go away
I fin' myself, Rivière du Loup, wan cole, cole winter day
De quick express she come hooraw! but stop de soon she can
An' beeg swell feller jomp off car, dat's boss by nigger man.

He's dressim on de première classe, an' got new suit of clothes
Wit' long moustache dat stickim out, de 'noder side hees nose
Fine gol' watch chain—nice portmanteau—an' long, long overcoat
Wit' beaver hat—dat's Yankee style—an' red tie on hees t'roat—

I say, " Hello Bateese! Hello! Comment ça va mon vieux? "
He say, " Excuse to me, ma frien', I t'ink I don't know you."
I say, " She's very curis t'ing, you are Bateese Trudeau,
Was raise on jus' sam' place wit' me, dat's fifteen year ago? "

He say, " Oh, yass, dat's sure enough—I know you now firs' rate,
But I forgot mos' all ma French since I go on de State.
Dere's 'noder t'ing kip on your head, ma frien' dey mus' be tole
Ma name's Bateese Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole! "

" Hole on de water's " fonny name for man w'at's call Trudeau,
Ma frien's dey all was spik lak dat, an' I am tole heem so—
He say, " Trudeau an' Waterhole she's jus' about de sam'
An' if you go for leev on State, you must have Yankee nam'."

Den we invite heem come wit' us, " Hotel du Canadaw "
W'ere he was treat mos' ev'ry tam, but can't tak' w'isky blanc,

He say dat's leetle strong for man jus' come off Central Fall,
An' "tobac Canayen" bedamme! he won't smoke dat at all!—

But fancy drink lak "Collings John" de way he put it down
Was long tam since I don't see dat—I t'ink he's going drown!
An' fine cigars cos' five cent each, an' mak' on Trois-Rivières,
L'enfant! He smoke beeg pile of dem—for monee he don't care!—

I s'pose meself it's t'ree o'clock w'en are t'roo dat night
Bateese, hees fader come for heem, an' tak' heem home all right
De ole man say Bateese spik French; w'en he is place on bed—
An' say bad word—but w'en he wake—forget it on hees head—

Wall! all de winter w'en we have soirée dat's grande affaire
Bateese Trudeau, dit Waterhole, he be de boss man dere—
You bet he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring is come encore
He's buy de première classe tiquette for go on State some more.

* * * * * * *

You 'member w'en de hard tam come on Les Etats Unis
An' plaintee Canayens go back for stay deir own countrée?
Wall! jus' about dat tam again I go Rivière du Loup
For sole me two-t'ree load of hay—mak' leetle visit too—

De freight train she is jus' arrive—only ten hour delay—
She never carry passengaire—dat's w'at dey always say—
I see poor man on char caboose—he's got heem small valise
Begosh! I nearly tak' de fit. It is—it is Bateese!

He knew me very well dis tam, an' say, "Bon jour, mon vieux
I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was educate wit' you
I'm jus' come off de State to see ma familee encore
I bus' mesef on Central Fall—I don't go dere no more.

"I got no monee—not at all—I'm broke it up for sure—
Dat's locky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman Joe Latour
He's cousin of wan frien' of me call Camille Valiquette,
Conductor too's good Canayen—don't ax me no tiquette."

I tak' Bateese wit' me once more "Hotel du Canadaw"
An' he was glad for get de chance drink some good w'isky blanc!
Dat's warm heem up' an' den he eat mos' ev'ryt'ing he see,
I watch de w'ole beez-nesse mese'f—Monjee! he was hongree!

Madame Charette wat's kip de place get very much excite
For see de many pork an' bean Bateese put out of sight
Du pain doré'—potato pie—an' 'noder t'ing be dere
But w'en Bateese is get heem t'roo—dey go I don't know w'ere.

It don't tak' long for tole de news "Bateese come off de State"
An' purty soon we have beeg crowd lak village she's en fête
Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau hese'f, he's comin' wit' de pries'
An' pass heem on de "Room for eat" w'ere he is see Bateese.

Den ev'rybody feel it glad, for watch the embrasser
An' bimeby de ole man spik "Bateese you here for stay?"
Bateese he's cry lak beeg bebè, "Bâ j'eux rester ici.
An' if I never see de State, I'm sure I don't care me."

"Correc'," Maxime is say right off, "I place you on de farm
For help your poor old fader, won't do you too moche harm,
Please come wit' me on Magasin, I feex you up—bâ oui
An' den you ready for go home an' see de familee."

Wall! w'en de ole man an' Bateese come off de Magasin
Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes—he's dress lak Canayan
Wit' bottes sauvages—ceinture fléché—an' coat wit' capuchon
An' spik Français au naturel, de sam' as habitant.

* * * * * * *

I see Bateese de oder day, hee's work hees fader's place
I t'ink mese'd he's satisfy—I see dat on heese face
He say "I got no use for State, mon cher Napoleon
Kebeck she's good enough for me—Hooraw pour Canadaw!"

Advantages of Adversity to the Pilgrim Fathers.

By EDWARD EVERETT.

IT is a principle amply borne out by the history of the great and powerful nations of the earth, and by that of none more than the country of which we speak, that the best fruits and choicest action of the commendable qualities of the national character are to be found on the side of the oppressed few, and not of the triumphant many. Never was this truth more clearly illustrated than in the settlement of New England.

Could a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited to waft our fathers to the coast; armies, to defend the infant communities; and the patronage of princes and great men, to defend their interests in the councils of the mother country. Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage; happy, that our foundations were silently and deeply cast in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt; so that, when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born among hardships, and nourished on the rocks, indebted for no favors, and owing no duty.

From the dark portals of the star chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits.

One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and dangerous autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this

dismal season; where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the power and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good.

These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. They kept far away from the enterprise all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preeminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers desired to conduct the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were desirous to quit their cathedrals, and set up a splendid hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel.

The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle

of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

The Dream-Ship.

By EUGENE FIELD.

WHEN the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

An angel stands at the dream-ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the dream-ship's side
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor;
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty,
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—
The pauper be a king—
In that revenge or recompense
The dream-ship dreams to bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man,
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—

As though it were a cloud astray—
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

When Pa Takes Care of Me.

By FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

WHEN Pa takes care of me,
He says to Ma, "By Jing!
It seems that everything
Comes on me when I've got the most to do,
But I suppose I've got to get it through
With; so you needn't fuss one bit about
Him; I'll take charge of him while you are out."
But Ma makes him repeat all she has said
About what he's to do; guess she's afraid
To let him try his way
Of watching me, the day
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
He puts me on a rug,
Gives me a kiss and hug,
Then brings in every pillow he can find,
And piles them up in front, at sides, behind
Me: "So that you can't hurt yourself," he says.
And then he gets my picture-books, and lays
Them down beside me, and my blocks and toys,
And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the noise
You want to; I don't care."
And I sit there and stare,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
No book or toy or game
Seems, somehow, just the same.
And, by and by, I'm through with every one,
And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you begun
Already? What's the matter, anyway?
There's everything you own! Why don't you play?
Stop crying now! You won't? Well, what is wrong?
Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts some song
About "Bye, Baby Bye!"
And I lie flat and cry,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
He grabs me up at last,
And starts to walk, real fast,
And talks to me, and pats my back, and tries
To act as if he liked it; but he sighs,
And sighs, and keeps a-lookin' at the clock,
And out of the window, up and down the block,
For sight of Ma; and when she does come in,
She grabs me quick, and says, "It is a sin!"
And Pa looks mad, and—I—
I'm glad the time's gone by
When Pa takes care of me.

Rejoicing upon the New Year's Coming of Age.

By CHARLES LAMB.

THE Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does, by calendar law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as

stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Facts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolk home at night.

All the Days came. Covers were laid for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-Ninth of February.

Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours; twelve little merry whirligig foot pages that went round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but "Hail, fellow Day! well met!" only Lady Day seemed a little scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epiphanous. The rest came in green, some in white, but Old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and Sunshiny Days laughing. Wedding Day was there in marriage finery. Pay Day came late, and Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetness peculiar to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, struck up a carol, which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrovetide, Lord Mayor's Day, and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days, chiming in, made a merry burden.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who

sat next him, slipping amorous *billet-doux* under the table till the Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage exceedingly.

At last the Days called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leaves. Shortest Day went off in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round. Two Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-pack fashion, and he went floating home singing:

"On the bat's back do I fly,"

and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

A Waltz-Quadrille.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE band was playing a waltz-quadrille;
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather
As we floated away at the caller's will
Through the intricate mazy dance together.
Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing, and then retreating,
All decked in their bright array;
And back and forth to the music's rhyme
We moved together, and all the time
I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
From heart to brain as we gently glided,
Like leaves, on the wave of that waltz-quadrille,
Parted, met, and again divided—
You drifting one way, and I another;
Then suddenly turning and facing each other;
Then off in the blithe chassée;
Then airily back to our places swaying,
While every beat of the music seemed saying
That you were going away.

I said to my heart: "Let us take our fill
Of mirth, and music, and love, and laughter;
For it all must end with this waltz-quadrille,
And life will be never the same life after.
Oh, that the caller might go on calling,
Oh, that the music might go on falling
Like a shower of silver spray,
While we whirled on to the vast Forever,
Where no heart breaks, and no ties sever,
And no one goes away."

A clamor, a crash, and the band was still—
'Twas the end of the dream and the end of the measure;
The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille,
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of Pleasure.
You said good-night, and the spell was over—
Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover—
There was nothing else to say;
But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary,
And the music was sad, and the hall was dreary,
After you went away.

"Death Has Crowned Him as a Martyr."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IN the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship of State
Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a derelict of fate,
One that drifted from its moorings, in the anchorage of hate.

On the deck our noble Pilot, in the glory of his prime,
Lies in wo-impelling silence, dead before his hour or time,
Victim of a mind self-centred, a godless fool of crime.

One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's unreasoning tools,
In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot anger cools,
He who sought for crime's distinction shall be known as Chief of Fools.

In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of fame
(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or blame),
Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light, will shine his name.

Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time, a statesman; Love, a man.
Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal to goal he ran,
Knowing all the sum of glory that a human life may span.

He was chosen by the people; not an accident of birth
Made him ruler of a nation, but his own intrinsic worth.
Fools may govern over kingdoms—not republics of the earth.

He has raised the lover's standard, by his loyalty and faith.
He has shown how virile manhood may keep free from Scandal's breath.
He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the awful eyes of death.

In the mighty march of progress he has sought to do his best.
Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down to rest,
And may God assuage the anguish of one suffering woman's breast.

Lecture Recital: Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

By GRACE B. FAXON.

IF I were asked my favorite poet among living American women I should unhesitatingly answer, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and I fancy a great many persons similarly placed would similarly reply. I shall not here address myself to the task of trying to settle the much-vexed question as to Mrs. Wilcox's rank among poets. The most varied and mutually exclusive opinions are held and confidently expressed concerning her. Be her place where it may, few persons will deny that Ella Wheeler Wilcox to-day holds, in what may be fairly called, the prime of her womanhood, a scepter and an influence unequaled by any other living poet.

Her popularity was not reached in a bound. Day by day, week by week, year by year her mastery of the pen has grown in completeness until now a legion of admirers bow before the power of its stroke.

Ella Wheeler wrote poetry as naturally as a bird sings. The poetical impulse and instinct was born within her and could not be crushed out by even her inauspicious surroundings. She says of her early home, a humble cottage in the small town of Windsor, three miles from Madison, Wisconsin:

"This is the place that I love the best:
A little brown house, like a ground-bird's nest,
Hid among grasses and vines and trees,
Summer retreat of the birds and bees.

"The tenderest light that ever was seen,
Sifts through the vine-made window screen—
Sifts and quivers and flits and falls
On home-made carpets and gray-hung walls."

Again her childhood is referred to in "The Room Beneath the Rafters."

(*Recite "The Room Beneath the Rafters."*)

Ella began to write at the absurd age of eight. She tells the story that she and an older sister, the latter very pretty and a great belle, were invited to a party. It was Ella's first real party and she was greatly interested in it. The pretty dresses, flowers, etc., made

an impression on her. During the evening she observed that several of the young men became jealous of her sister, and she overheard some conversation on the subject. This impressed her youthful mind so strongly that she could not forget it. In the garden that surrounded her home were many old-fashioned flowers—hollyhocks, four-o'clocks, larkspur, and a host of favorites. The idea occurred to her to write out the events of the party, using the flowers for persons. So she did. This was her first attempt. The book was in chapters like a regular novel. For many years she kept it, but in moving it got lost. Several months later, when she was nearly nine, she wrote her second book, which is also a novel of most thrilling description. She had not learned to write when she started it, so the opening chapters are printed in child script. But her brother insisted that if she were going to be an author she should learn to write; so the last part of the book contains her very first efforts at penmanship. Noting that all books were bound in some fashion, she surreptitiously tore paper off the kitchen wall for covers. The wall had been papered by the family and consequently the thick home-made paste clung to the bits of blue paper. Nevertheless she used it, and has the book to-day—a valued memento not only of her first literary efforts, but also of the dear old home life.

At fourteen her pieces were accepted by the papers and brought remuneration, and by the time she was eighteen she was clothing herself and helping to furnish and brighten up the sparely decorated little home. Not many years ago a publication requesting American women of letters to write on the happiest event of their girlhood, brought forth an article from Mrs. Wilcox from which an extract is here quoted:

"I began to write verse and prose at a somewhat immature age, but financial returns for these juvenile effusions did not enter the mind of the author or her family as a possible event. At fourteen I left the district school. A family conclave was held some time after this, and it was decided that I must be sent away to school. I returned at the end of three months, tearful and troubled. I had learned nothing save my own deficiencies and the impossibility of a happy life at boarding-school with an insufficient wardrobe.

"The only lasting impression made on my mind by my school ex-

perience was a longing for pretty gowns and a desire for pleasure. I knew my family had been obliged to make many sacrifices to send me to school, and I begged those sacrifices to cease, and was allowed to remain at home. But 'What shall we do with her?' became more and more the question in the family. A girl who lives on a prairie, twelve miles from nowhere, who dislikes school and does not know the multiplication table, and has no money or practical knowledge of any kind, yet with an enormous vitality and an imagination more powerful than a four-horse team may well cause her family some concern of mind.

"I was somewhere past sixteen years old when my best girl friend asked me to be her bridesmaid. I had never filled such an office, and the thought thrilled me beyond expression. The bride was to wear pearl gray, and she said my dress must be a shade darker only than hers. I talked it over with my mother, who had long ago given up all ideas of procuring anything herself, but who could not so easily resign herself to my lack of wardrobe and pleasure. Ill luck and misfortune had attended the family ventures that year. I lay awake in the night and saw my dream of pleasure, the one pleasure of the season offered me, vanish in the darkness of disappointment.

"In the meantime I was busy with my beloved writing. I sent out stories, poems and essays by every mail, to every periodical whose address I could obtain. And one bright morning, just as I had relinquished all hope of the pearl gray gown, the 'happiest event in my girlhood' occurred. The *Chimney Corner* sent me a check of $10 in payment for three poems. I used the check to buy my pearl gray gown, which I had longed for as I have longed for only a few things since.

"And when the wedding occurred, I think the bridesmaid was the happiest person present, not excepting even bride and groom. Not only was the pearl gray gown a joy for that one occasion, but its purchase answered for all time the vexed question of 'What will become of Ella?'"

When a young girl Ella Wheeler often wrote on the subject of total abstinence and the poems attracted so much attention that they were gathered into a small volume entitled "Drops of Water." The

copyright was sold in America for only $50 and for £30 in England. The book is now extinct, but Mrs. Wilcox's pen is still active on the same theme. An interesting story is related by a gentleman concerning one of the most famous of her temperance poems, "The Two Glasses." Shortly after its publication he was in a New York hotel bar-room when the proprietor of the place called out to an attendant, "Bring me a glass of water and a glass of red wine, please." The attendant wonderingly obeyed. The proprietor placed the glasses side by side on the bar, and, turning to the gentlemen (the relater of this story and friends), he drew from his pocket a printed bit of paper, saying, "Gentlemen, here's one of the finest things I have ever read." He then proceeded to read aloud with much unction "The Two Glasses."

(*Recite "The Two Glasses."*)

Another stirring temperance poem, used by the elocutionist even more frequently than "The Two Glasses," is "The Sign-Board."

(*Recite "The Sign-Board."*)

The story of how the popular "The Waltz-Quadrille" came to be written is thus told by Mrs. Wilcox in her recently published autobiography:

"At a Thanksgiving Eve ball I recollect waltzing with a very good-looking young man whom I met there for the first time. The band played a Strauss waltz. As we floated about the hall I thought to myself, 'If I were desperately in love with this man and he cared for some one else, this waltz would sound like a dirge to me.' So the next day I wrote a little poem called 'The Dirge' (which paid for my slippers), which was widely copied.

" 'The Waltz-Quadrille,' one of my most popular early verses, was similarly conceived. I had promised the quadrille at a commencement-ball at Madison University to a man on the eve of a journey, who was unable to find me when the number was called. Although I did not have the pleasure of a dance with him, I wrote the poem and sent him a copy of it, saying, 'This is the way I should have felt had I been in love with you and had I danced the waltz-quadrille with you just before your departure from Madison.' "

(*Recite "The Waltz-Quadrille."*)

Perhaps the most famous of all this great writer's famous works is that philosophical little poem, whose proof of Mrs. Wilcox's authorship was established after a much heated controversy—"Solitude."

(*Recite "Solitude."*)

A strong moral purpose exists in many of Mrs. Wilcox's writings. We have considered the temperance subject. A more vigorous protest does not exist against society's unmerciful attitude toward women whose waywardness is quickly remitted in men, than her poem, "The Two Sinners."

(*Recite "The Two Sinners."*)

A prominent actress, once of America, but now making her permanent home in London, chose for recitation at a church service Mrs. Wilcox's beautiful poem on the late Queen. That an American author's work should be selected in preference to the many eulogies written by the Queen's own subjects cannot be regarded less than a great compliment. Mrs. Wilcox wrote this poem in London, whence she had gone to witness the funeral pageant.

(*Recite "The Queen's Last Ride."*)

Equally grand is the tribute she has paid our martyred President. The nation's sorrow is nobly voiced by this poet-laureate of America in "Death Has Crowned Him as a Martyr."

(*Recite "Death Has Crowned Him as a Martyr."*)

And hand in hand with this last recited poem should go that stirring patriotic piece of hers, "A Plea." Surely no more eloquent discourse on the restriction of immigration was ever written and its force at this mourning, thoughtful period will be keenly recognized.

(*Recite "A Plea."*)

Love, the poet's common theme, Mrs. Wilcox treats with a combination of exquisite delicacy and tropical richness. She gives a definition of this intangible emotion in the poem, "What Love Is."

(*Recite "What Love Is."*)

"My Ships" is another love poem that has won great distinction.

(*Recite "My Ships."*)

A number of Mrs. Wilcox's poems imbue the inanimate with hu-

man passions. A particularly fascinating song belonging to this group is "The Birth of the Opal."

(*Recite "The Birth of the Opal."*)

Upon her marriage Mrs. Wilcox gladly exchanged her country home for a city one. Unlike most poets, she does not care for the country. She loves the hum of a busy mart where, as she says:

"I seem to read humanity's great heart
And share its hopes, its pleasures and its pains."

She wishes even her last resting place to be amid the city's hum, for in "My Grave" she enjoins:

" * * * * * * let
No cemetery engulf me—no lone grot,
Where the great palpitating world comes not,
Save when, with heart bowed down, and eyelids wet,
It pays its last melancholy debt,
To some outjourneying pilgrim. May my lot
Be rather to lie in some much-used spot,
Where human life, with all its noise and fret,
Throbs on about me."

As may be inferred, Mrs. Wilcox loves people. In relation with those persons with whom she comes in contact, whether of high or humble station in life, her attitude is that of sympathetic listener, friend and, if need be, reformer. She is keenly interested in every one's personality. Confidences and secrets are invariably entrusted to her, and many of her poems have been made from this unsought material. She inspires force and energy in others from her mere presence. She firmly believes in the power of good over evil, of light over darkness, as shown in her poem, "Whatever Is—Is Best."

(*Recite "Whatever Is—Is Best."*)

One of the most stately of all Mrs. Wilcox's writings and one that she considers among her best efforts, is "High Noon."

(*Recite "High Noon."*)

In manner Mrs. Wilcox is animated and charming and looks much younger than her thirty-six years. Her height is medium, she has brown hair tinted with red, and her eyes are blue. She entertains a great deal and exceedingly well. It is good to think of this lovely woman as:

" * * * one who lives to say
My skies have held more gold than gray,
And that the glory of the real
By far outshines my youth's ideal."

The First Valentine.

"ST. VALENTINE!" What tender thoughts come wreathed around the honored name
Of boyhood's days when first the heart was fired with love's soft, holy flame,
When timid lovers grasped the chance to breathe their love in simple line,
And wonder if the darling one would guess who sent the valentine.
Among the messages was one far dearer than the rest to me,
'Twas written in a childish hand, the letters fashioned awkwardly,
And well I knew from whom it came, that barefoot little sweetheart true:

"If yu luv me
As i luv yu
No nife can cut
Our luv in 2."

A timid little freckled face set 'neath a crown of tangled hair,
A faded dress of calico o'er feet and ankles brown and bare,
Two drooping long-lashed eyes of blue, red lips I thought a god would kiss;
A tiny, awkward country girl who answered to the name of "Cis."
We'd play together at recess and eat our lunch beneath a tree,
I'd share my pumpkin pie with her, she'd bread and butter share with me,
And when that little missive came I seemed to feel those eyes of blue:

"If yu luv me
As i luv yu
No nife can cut
Our luv in 2."

Among my love-fraught treasures now are many printed works of art,
Each calling up a memory of some adventure of the heart,
Bright wreaths of vari-colored flowers, sweet cupids poised on golden wing,
Fair doves of emblematic white, love knots and all that sort of thing.

On each recurrence of the day I look these hoarded treasures o'er,
And one far more than all the rest my aging heart warms to the core,
The first love message of my life from little sweetheart fond and true:

"If yu luv me
As i luv yu
No nife can cut
Our luv in 2."

That child sweetheart is near me yet, the truant locks now streaked with gray,
The face, once freckled, bears the lines which years relentlessly portray,
But in the eyes the same blue depth of azure beauty softly lies,
And on the face the same sweet smile brings answering sparkles to mine eyes.
The love-tipped arrow Cupid sent through that first childish valentine
Yet finds a welcome lodgment in this love-enamored heart of mine,
And oft I kiss the hand which penned the lines which time has proven true:

"If yu luv me
As i luv yu
No nife can cut
Our luv in 2."

The Boy Kept Step.

By OPIE P. READ.

THE other day, while waiting at a desolate way station in Illinois for a train which seemed to have declared itself against schedule time and human patience, my attention was attracted by a man and a small boy who sat on a bench near the end of the platform. The man's face bespoke oppressive weariness, and the ex-

hausted manner in which he leaned back against the station-house showed that he had been subjected to some great strain. The boy was given to excessive liveliness. He found a large barrel hoop, and, in turning it around for closer inspection, struck the man on the nose. Then, securing an old oyster can, he filled it with water from a neighboring puddle and poured it on a carpetbag which some one had left on the platform. Then, wiping his hands on his clothes, he approached the man. The man sighed deeply and said:

"Run along now."

"What for?"

"Because I don't want you here. No, I don't want you to put your arms around my neck," he added, when the boy had climbed up on the bench."

"I want to love you."

"Well, but you can love me without choking me. Look out, don't you put your muddy feet on me."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want you to, that's why."

"Will people think you have been playing in the dirt?"

"Yes."

"Why will they?"

"Because they will."

"Why will they will?"

"Oh, get down and hush. You are sometimes the most foolish child I ever saw."

"Are you a Anarchist?" the boy asked when he had climbed down, not, however, without wiping his muddy feet on the man's trousers.

"Of course not."

"What is a Anarchist?"

"A man who tries to destroy the law."

"What law?"

"The law of the land."

"What land?"

"This land."

"This land right here?" pointing to the ground.

"Yes."

"Has this land right here got law?"

"Yes."

"What is law?"

"It's a—a—rule of civil—that is—look here, sir, are you going to hush and let me alone?"

After a short silence. "What is law for?"

"To make people behave themselves."

"Can I see the law if I go out there and look on the land?"

"No."

"Then how is it the law of the land?"

"I don't know. Hush."

"Then how do you know it is the law of the land?"

"I don't want to box your ears, but I'm afraid that I'll be driven to it."

"Box my ears because I talk?"

"Yes."

"And would you box my tongue because I hear?"

The man sprang to his feet and began to walk up and down the platform. The boy followed, attempting to keep step with him. After a while the man, glancing at his watch, muttered that the superintendent of the road ought be hanged.

"Is he a Anarchist?" the boy asked.

"No."

"Then why ought he to be hanged?"

"Because he has no regard for the public."

"What's the public?"

"The people."

"Am I the public?"

The man wheeled around and walked away. The boy kept step with him. The man resumed his seat on the bench. The boy found an old shoe, put it on and began to "scuff" around on the platform, pretending that he was lame. Then, declaring that he was a horse, he began to gallop. The old shoe flew off and struck the man on the head, just as he had taken off his hat to run a handkerchief over the polished surface covering his mine of thought.

"I didn't go to do it," the boy exclaimed.

"Come here, sir, and sit down. Come here this instant. Sit

down here, now, and don't let me hear another word out of you. This is the last time you shall ever go anywhere with me. Do you hear? Hah, do you hear? Why don't you answer me, sir?"

"Because you said you didn't want to hear another word out of me."

The man sprang to his feet and began a nervous march up and down the platform. The boy kept step with him.

Out Sleighing with Sophia.

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

OH! the goin' was delightful—never saw sich slidey snow!
It was jus' a white temptation all the time!
Everybody seemed a-sleighin' or jus' startin' out to go,
An' their smiles of satisfaction was sublime.
So I says: "It's right smart costly for to hire, but, gee whiz!
A feller must be sporty now and then!
An', moreover, there's the lady—well, I guess I know my biz!
I ain't goin' to let her glide with other men!"
So I goes an' gits a cutter an' a tidy lookin' nag.
Then I starts to call fer Miss Sophia Twigg;
She accepts my invitation without lettin' no time drag—
(An' it on'y cost ten dollars fer the rig!)

Ain't it grand when there's good sleighin' fer to hear the jinglin' bells,
If a pretty girl is smilin' by your side!
Kinder makes a feller feel like he could loosen up some yells
When the cutter gits to goin' at a glide!
Miss Sophia's awful bashful, an' I'm built 'at self-same way,
So we rode along as timid as two birds;
Conversation's very useful when you've got a lot to say,
But it ain't much use without you have the words.

Finally I musters courage, an' I says, "The weather's fine!"
"Well, tol'able," says Miss Sophia Twigg;
Oh! the word she used was simple, but her voice it was divine—
(An' it on'y cost ten dollars fer the rig!)

Jingle! jangle! ain't it funny how the sleigh bells hints at things?
Seemed like they was all suggestin' I propose!
"Ask her!" "Jingle!" "Ask her!" "Jangle!" kinder sassy like they sings,
But plain enough, the goodness on'y knows.
So I clears my throat fer action—hem! I flicks the whip a spell;
Then I says, "How would you like if I—if I—"
She glanced up smilin' pretty, an' my feeble spirits fell,
An' I guess I let a half a mile go by.
Then I says, "If I—if I should take you out another day?"
"Well, tol'able!" says Miss Sophia Twigg;
Oh! the word she used was simple, but to see them dimples play—
(An' it on'y cost ten dollars fer the rig!)

"Ask her!" "Jingle!" "Ask her!" "Jangle!" how them pesky bells did dance!
An' the horse's hoofs they got to hintin', too,
So I whispers to myself, "I will, but give me half a chance—
Proposin' ain't no easy thing to do!"
Then I buttons tight my collar, an' I lays the whip away,
An' I says, "How would you like to be—to be—"
She looked an' smiled straight at me, an' the words jus' flew away,
While my face it was a reddish sight to see.
"To be," I went on sayin', "out here sleighin' all the while?"
"Well, tol'able!" says Miss Sophia Twigg;
Oh! the word she used was easy, but to see that lovely smile—
(An' it on'y cost ten dollars fer the rig!)

I reckon 'at we rode afore we turned about ten miles—
The shortest ten 'at ever was surveyed!
Me settin' there a-baskin' in the beauty of her smiles,
An' tryin' fer to ask her, but afraid.

Two dozen times, I reckon, did I muster courage brave,
An' set myself right firm down to the task,
But the way her eyes laughed at me wouldn't let my heart behave,
An' the fatal question never could I ask.
"How would you like to be—to go—to have"—an' then I'd switch,
"Well, tol'able!" says Miss Sophia Twigg;
Oh! the word it wasn't costly, but her voice was sweet an' rich—
(An' it on'y cost ten dollars fer the rig!)

It was moonlight when we started on the road 'at led fer home,
An' the little stars was blinkin' in the sky;
Oh! the night was sentimental—what some folks would call a pome!
So I says now here is where I do or die!
Then I loosens up my collar, an' I grabs my trusty whip,
'Gainst the dashboard firm I goes an' plants my feet;
Then in one breath out I speaks it, 'fore my courage it can slip:
"Oh, Sophia, you are lookin' mighty sweet!
How would you like to be my own an' ownest on'y bride?"
"Well, tol'able!" said Miss Sophia Twigg;
Oh! the word she used was simple, but fer that word I'd a died—
(An' I'd paid a thousand dollars fer the rig!)

Generosity.

WILLIE. I say, give me a bite?
JACK. Go 'way.
WILLIE. You might! so far!
JACK. All right! There you are.
Take care, don't take it all,
Be fair!
WILLIE. That's too small! You're bright
If you call that a bite.
JACK. Look, now. Take to there.
WILLIE. That's how to be square
JACK. I'm ready to share.
WILLIE. Hold steady!

At Uncle Dock's.

By ELSIE MALONE McCOLLUM.

YES-SIR-REE! to Uncle Dock's house!
That's where mamma said we'd go;
It's lots nicer than the city,
An' that's where the good things grow.

Uncle Dock was onct at our house,
An' when dinner time was come,
We had nicest watermelon!—
But they grow out at his home.

Just to think! I'll see 'em growin'!
Yes, sir, get to climb the tree!
Shake 'em down an' bust 'em open!
Eat a whole un there—just me!

Wish't yo' ma'd let you go, Walter;
Unc' Dock won't care cause he likes boys;
An' Aunt Mollie—she's not nervish;
Spec' she'd like to hear our noise.

So'd Aunt Bye, but she don't live there;
She lives way off where's a big spring,
Down in Huntsville, Alabama;
Oh, that's further'n anything!

Spec' that's most across the ocean!
But we'll go there some time, too;
This time, though, we'll go t' Uncle Dock's house,
An' wear my clo'es 'at's just right new.

I must take these just to play in,
For uncle says we'll climb the hay;
Hunt the eggs and feed the ponies—
I'll have fun there every day.

They have lots and lots of cows there,
An' they give sweet milk every one;
Milkman's cow they don't give that kind,
'Cept onct in a while—won't I have fun!

When I said I'd talk to papa
Through the telephone every day,
Uncle Dock he laughed and tol' me
They don't have 'em out his way.

They don't have any street cars either
But they have so many things—
Pigs an' cows an' sheep an' chickens,
An' a Poll parrot 'at talks and sings.

Yes-sir-ree! to Uncle Dock's house!
That's where mamma said we'd go!
It's lots nicer than the city,
For that's where the good things grow.

Our Glorious Language.

WE'LL begin with box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows never vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of both be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But tho' we say mother, we never say methren;
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim!
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the greatest language you ever did see.

Getting Rid of Her Daughter's Beau.

MARY BROWN'S mother is a very nice woman but she doesn't want Mary to get married and she employs certain methods to prevent which are generally effective. The other evening a splendid catch called to escort Mary to the opera. While Mrs. Brown was helping Mary get ready she said:

"Mary, are you going to wear the shoes with one heel off, or the pair with holes in 'em?"

Mary did not seem to hear, and the mother inquired:

"Are you going to wear that dollar gold chain and that washed locket, or will you wear the diamond father bought at the hardware store?"

Mary winked at her, and the young man blushed, but the old lady went on:

"Are you going to borrow Mrs. Brown's shawl, or will you wear mine?"

Mary bustled around the room, and the mother said:

"Be careful of your dress, Mary; you know it's the only one

you've got, and you can't have another until the mortgage of this place is lifted."

Mary remarked to her escort that it promised to be a beautiful evening, and as she buttoned her glove her mother said:

"Those are Mrs. Hardy's gloves, ain't they? She's been a good neighbor to us, and I don't know how you'd manage to go anywhere if she didn't live near us."

Mary was hurrying to get out of the room, when the mother raised her voice once more and asked:

"Did you run into Mrs. Jewett's and borrow her bracelet and fan? Yes, I see you did. Well, now you look real stylish, and I hope you'll have a good time."

Mary sits by her window in the pale moonlight and sighs for the splendid young man to come and beau her around some more, but she hasn't seen him since that night. Her mother says that he seemed like a nice young man, and she hopes he hasn't been killed by the street cars.

The White Man's Burden.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

TAKE up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;

By open speech and simple,
A hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread.
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old Reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly) toward the light:
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness.

By all ye will or whisper,
 By all ye leave to do,
The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
 The easy ungrudged praise:
Comes now to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers.

McKinley's Funeral Address.

By C. M. MANCHESTER, D.D.

EXTRACT.

OUR President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said: "It may be that God will be gracious and merciful unto us." It seemed to us that it must be His will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed.

Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of defeated science and of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly muttered words: "Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done," and then "Nearer, My God, to Thee." So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on, to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.

It was characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him. They might, indeed, differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply imbedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industrial and social conditions are such that he was, even more than his predecessors, the friend of the whole people.

My friends and countrymen, with what language shall I attempt to give expression to the deep horror of our souls as I speak of the cause of his death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief, we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful act. This gentle spirit, who hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin, and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

Could the assailant have realized how awful was the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime.

Had this man who fell been a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an insane frenzy to rid the world of him might have sought excuse, but it was the people's friend who fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toiler. No one who has seen the matchless grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart throb was for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such a time, just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americas were rejoicing together, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence.

In the midst of our sorrow we have much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East, no West. Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed

through the night of our history and saw the dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fulness of his fame. With Paul he could say, and with equal truthfulness, "I am ready to be offered." The work assigned him had been well done. The nation was at peace. We had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among the nations was secure. Our President was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. Little more than four years ago we bade him good-bye as he went to assume the great responsibilities to which the nation had called him. His last words as he left us were:

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good-will, and, I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a sealed book, but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance, in any degree, add to the prosperity and unity of our beloved country, and the advancement and well-being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind, I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now—and I trust, my home hereafter, so long as I live."

We hoped with him that when his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he had loved.

He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and placed where he first began life's struggle, that the people might look and weep over so sad a homecoming. But it was a triumphal march. How vast the procession. The nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But, oh! what a victory.

I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the calm moments of mature reflection, what other man ever had such high

honors bestowed upon him, and by so many people? What pageant has equaled this that we look upon to-day? We gave him to the nation but a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of the morning upon his brow, but with his task set, and the purpose to complete it. We take him back a mighty conqueror.

The Colonel's Experiment.

By WILL LISENBEE.

[By permission of *Truth.*]

COLONEL HOOPER'S business had kept him in Badger City for a whole day. He was waiting to see a man who did not come. Time hung heavily on his hands. No one would play cards with him, and even the harmless game of checkers seemed to be a lost art in the little dried-up Kansas town.

The Colonel craved excitement. He wanted to make a bet with some one on something, he didn't care what, so long as it was a bet. No one would bet with him.

He began to grow desperate.

"How long has it been since it rained?" he asked the Lame Man who had just taken a seat on the hotel piazza.

"'Bout four months," replied the Lame Man.

The Colonel glanced at the blue expanse of sky. There was not a cloud in sight.

"I will bet you ten dollars that it will rain here in ten minutes," he said.

The Lame Man shook his head. "I wouldn't bet it wouldn't be snowing here in ten minutes."

The Colonel looked disgusted.

"Would you bet on anything?" he asked, contemptuously.

"I might."

"Name it."

The Lame Man leaned back in his chair and sized up the Colonel carefully.

"I might bet you a ten that you couldn't stand on the end of the porch there for a half-hour," said the Lame Man slowly, "and repeat a line from Shakespeare to every one who spoke to you."

The Colonel drew a ten from his pocket.

"Put up," he said.

The Lame Man fished a ten from his vest pocket; the two bills were placed in a book the Colonel had been reading and laid on the window-sill of the hotel.

"Now," said the Lame Man, "you are to stand on the end of the porch, and, no matter what is said to you, you are to say this, and nothing more: 'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.'"

"Enough said."

The Colonel took his position, watch in hand, while the Lame Man sank back into his chair.

Five minutes went by. A squatter from Blue Flats came up, and seeing the man standing with his watch in hand, he asked:

"What's ye' time, stranger?"

"'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,'" said the Colonel, solemnly.

"Who's that that's dead?" asked the squatter.

"'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,'" repeated the man with the watch.

The squatter backed off.

"Crazier 'an a mus'rat, by gum!" he muttered.

He edged around to where the Lame Man was sitting.

"Why don't they take him away?" he asked.

"I dunno," replied the Lame Man.

"Is he dang'rous?"

"I dunno."

The landlord came out. Seeing the Colonel with his watch out, he said:

"I reckon ye're gettin' impatient fer yer friend ter come?"

"'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,'" said the Colonel.

The landlord looked at the Colonel, then at the Lame Man.

"He's gone plum crazy," declared the squatter.

"By Jude, can that be a fact!" exclaimed the landlord.

The Lame Man nodded gravely.

"Better come an' have er cheer, Colonel," said the landlord, in a soothing tone.

"'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,'" repeated the Colonel, growing red in the face.

The landlord looked completely beaten.

"I wouldn't 'a' had it ter happen in my house fer fifty dollars," he said.

"He ort ter be took away—he might kill some one," suggested the squatter.

A stranger galloped up to the hotel and dismounted.

"I want to see Colonel Hooper," he said.

"He's hyar a-waitin' fer ye, but he's gone plum crazy," whispered the landlord, nodding toward the Colonel.

"Oh, I reckon not," said the stranger. Then turning toward the Colonel, he said:

"This is Colonel Hooper, I believe——"

"'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,'" remarked the Colonel slowly.

"By gosh!—er—what'd ye say?" gasped the stranger.

"'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.'"

"That settles it," replied the newcomer, moving back.

"He's crazier 'an a mus'rat!" declared the squatter. "Why don't somebody take him inter charge 'fore he gits vi'lent?"

The Colonel began to grow purple in the face; his hands worked convulsively, and he looked as if he would like to get at the squatter, but he stood his ground.

Fifteen minutes of the half-hour had now passed. A crowd began to gather.

"What's the matter hyar," said Baggs, the groceryman, coming up.

"A man's gone crazy," said some one.

The crowd grew larger and larger. Women and children pressed into the crowd to get a look at the Colonel.

"Look at his eyes!" said one of the women, starting back, and clasping a ragged young one to her breast. "What makes 'em let him run loose?"

"I knowed a man that went crazy just like he's done," said the squatter, "an' 'fore he could be got he chopped the heads off uv the

hull family, an' blowed the house up with er keg of powder he had fer blastin' in a well."

This cheerful piece of information caused one of the women to shriek and another one to faint, and a sort of frenzy seemed to seize the crowd. It began to press about the Colonel.

"Take holt uv him—hit won't do ter let him git away!" said the squatter.

The Colonel waved them back, his face purple with rage. Two men leaped forward and seized him by the arms. He flung them off as if they had been children. He doubled up his fist and struck right and left as they pressed about him.

"'I come to (*whack*) bury Cæsar (*whack*), not to (*whack*) praise him (*whack*).'"

Then they closed in upon him. An awful scene followed. Women shrieked and fainted; some curs that were attracted by the noise came up, and, engaging in a vigorous fight upon the porch, added their voices to the dreadful pandemonium. In the midst of this a panting, struggling humanity, with the Colonel in the center, rolled from the porch.

Five minutes later, the Colonel, bound hand and foot, was carried into the hotel.

The Lame Man looked at his watch. The half-hour lacked just three minutes of being up. He stepped to the window, took up the book, extracted the two ten-dollar bills therefrom and placed them in his pocket.

"Gentlemen," he said to the crowd, "this is all the result of undue excitement on the part of the Colonel. He will be all right in a few minutes. These spells only come on him once in a year, but it might be well to keep him tied for about ten minutes longer."

With this he seized his crutch and hobbled away as fast as he could.

When the Colonel's liberty was finally restored to him he might not have been considered insane, but there was no doubt that he was mad. As he hurried away to look for the Lame Man the squatter remarked:

"If they hain't made the mistake of their lives in turnin' that man loose, then I'm crazier 'n a mus'rat myself!"

The Recruit.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out your toes!
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabbers, ye look it!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"A saint it ud sadden
To drill such a mug!
Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!—
Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!
Ye've jaws like a goat—
Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
Ye've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Yer figger wants padd'n'—
Sure, man, ye've no shape!
Behind ye yer shoulders
Stick out like two bowlders!

Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Yer tummy belongs on yer back, razoo!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake, but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Me heart it ud gladden
To blacken yer eye.
Ye're gettin' too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye—
'Tis halt! that I say—
Will ye heed what I told ye?
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Be jabbers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"I'll not stay a gadd'n'
Wid Dagoes like you!
I'll travel no farther,
I'm dyin' for—wather—
Come on, if ye like—
Can ye loan me a quarther?
Ya-as, you,
What, two!
And ye'll pay the potheen?
Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!
You'll do—
Whist! Mark!
The Rigiment's flatthered to own ye, me spark!"

Nanny Saved from the Poorhouse.

From "The Little Minister," By J. M. BARRIE.

CHARACTERS: DOCTOR MCQUEEN. MR. DISHART (the Little Minister). NANNY WEBSTER (a poor old woman). LADY BABBIE (disguised as a gypsy).

SCENE: Interior of NANNY WEBSTER'S cottage. The old woman is waiting for the doctor and the minister who are to take her to the poorhouse.

THE old woman was standing at the door of a mudhouse, listening for the approach of the trap.

Nanny was not crying. She had redd up her house for the last time, and put on her black merino. Her mouth was wide open while she listened. No neighbor was with her. They feared to hurt her feelings. No heart opens to sympathy without letting in delicacy, and these poor people knew that Nanny would not like them to see her being taken away. For a week they had been aware of what was coming, and they had been most kind to her, but that hideous word, the poorhouse, they had not uttered. Poorhouse is not to be spoken in Thrums. Now that the hour had come they called their children into their houses and pulled down their blinds.

"If you would like to see her by yourself," the doctor said eagerly to Gavin, as the horse drew up at Nanny's gate, "I'll wait with the horse. "Not," he added hastily, "that I feel sorry for her. We are doing her a kindness."

They dismounted together, however, and Nanny, who had run from the trap into the house, watched them from her window.

McQueen saw her and said glumly, "I should have come alone, for if you pray she is sure to break down. Mr. Dishart, could you not pray cheerfully?"

The door stood open, and Nanny was crouching against the opposite wall of the room, such a poor, dull kitchen, that you would have thought the furniture had still to be brought in. The blanket and the piece of old carpet that was Nanny's coverlet were already packed in her box. The plate rack was empty. Only the round table, and the two chairs, and the stools and some pans were being left behind.

"Well, Nanny," said the doctor, trying to bluster, "I have come, and you see Mr. Dishart is with me."

Nanny rose up bravely. She knew the doctor was good to her, and she wanted to thank him. She dropped a curtsey, an ungainly one maybe, but it was an old woman giving the best she had.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she said. "Please to take a chair."

The doctor thought it best they should depart at once.

"Oh, no, doctor," cried Nanny in alarm.

"But you are ready?"

"Ay," she said, "I have been ready this twa hours, but you micht wait a minute. Hendry Munn and Andrew Allardyce is coming yont the road, and they would see me."

"Wait, doctor," Gavin said.

"Thank you kindly, sir," answered Nanny.

"But, Nanny," the doctor said, "you must remember what I told you about the poorhouse. It's a fine place and you will be very happy in it."

"Ay, I'll be happy in it," Nanny faltered, "but, doctor, if I could just hae bidden on here though I wasna happy!"

"Think of the food you will get; broth nearly every day."

"It—it'll be terrible enjoyable," Nanny said.

"And there will be pleasant company for you always," continued the doctor, "and a nice room to sit in. Why, after you have been there a week, you won't be the same woman."

"That's it!" cried Nanny, with sudden passion. "Na, na; I'll be a woman on the poor rates. Oh, mither, mither, you little thoucht when you bore me I should come to this!"

"Nanny," the doctor said, rising again, "I am ashamed of you."

"I humbly speir your forgiveness, sir," she said, "and you micht

bide just a wee yet. I've been ready to gang this twa hours, but now that the machine is at the gate, I dinna ken how it is, but I'm terrible sweer to come awa'. Oh, Mr. Dishart, it's richt true what the doctor says about the——the place, but I canna just take it in. I'm—I'm gey auld."

"You will often get out to see your friends," was all Gavin could say.

"Na, na, na," she cried, "dinna say that, I'll gang, but you mauna bid me ever come out, except in a hearse. Dinna let onybody in Thrums look on my face again."

"We must go," said the doctor, firmly. "Put on your mutch, Nanny."

"I dinna need to put on a mutch," she answered, with a faint flush of pride. "I have a bonnet."

The doctor glanced at the minister, and Gavin rose. "Let us pray," he said, and the three went down on their knees. Had the little minister been of God's own image, unstained, he would have forgotten all else to-day in his Maker's presence, but Nanny was speaking too, and her words choked his. At first she only whispered, but soon what was eating her heart burst out painfully, and she did not know that the minister had stopped. They were such moans as these that brought him back to earth:—

"I'll ha'e to gang. . . . I'm a base woman no' to be mair thankfu' to them that is so good to me. . . . I dinna like to prig wi' them to take a roundabout road, and I'm sair fleid the Roods will see me. . . . If it could just be said to poor Sanders when he comes back that I died hurriedly, syne he would be able to haud up his head. . . . Oh, mither! . . . I wish terrible they had come and ta'en me at night. . . . It's a dog-cart, and I was praying it micht be a cart, so that they could cover me wi' straw."

"This is more than I can stand," the doctor cried.

Nanny rose frightened.

"I've tried you sair," she said, "but, oh, I'm grateful, and I'm ready now."

They all advanced toward the door without another word, and Nanny even tried to smile. But in the middle of the floor some-

thing came over her, and she stood there. Gavin took her hand, and it was cold. She looked from one to the other and her mouth was opening and shutting.

"I canna helpt it," she said.

"It's cruel hard," muttered the doctor. "I knew this woman when she was a lassie."

The little minister stretched out his hands. "Have pity on her, O God!" he prayed with the presumptuousness of youth.

Nanny heard the words. "Oh, God," she cried, "you micht!"

God needs no minister to tell Him what to do, but it was His will that the poorhouse should not have this woman. He made use of a strange instrument, no other than the Egyptian, who now opened the mudhouse door.

She had been passing the house, and curiosity, born suddenly of Gavin's cry, made her enter. On finding herself in unexpected company she retained hold of the door, and to the amazed minister she seemed for a moment to have stepped into the mudhouse from his garden. Her eyes danced, however, as they recognized him, and he hardened. "This is no place for you," he was saying fiercely, when Nanny, too distraught to think, fell crying at the Egyptian's feet.

"They are taking me to the poorhouse," she sobbed; "dinna let them, dinna let them."

The Egyptian's arms clasped her, and the Egyptian kissed her sallow cheek. When she turned with flashing eyes to the two men she might have been a mother guarding her child.

"How dare you!" she cried, stamping her foot; and they quaked like malefactors.

"You don't see,——" Gavin began, but her indignation stopped him.

"You coward!" she said.

Even the doctor had been impressed, so that he now addressed the gypsy respectfully.

"This is all very well," he said, "but a woman's sympathy——"

"A woman! Ah, if I could be a man for five minutes." She clenched her little fist and again turned to Nanny.

"You poor dear, I won't let them take you away," she said

tenderly, and then looked triumphantly at both minister and doctor, as one who had foiled them in their cruel designs.

"Go!" she said, pointing grandly to the door.

"Is this the Egyptian of the riots," the doctor said in a low voice to Gavin, "or is she a queen? Hoots, man, don't look so shame-faced. We are not criminals. Say something."

Then to the Egyptian, Gavin said firmly——

"You mean well, but you are doing this poor woman a cruelty in holding out hopes to her that can not be realized. Sympathy is not meal and bedclothes, and these are what she needs."

"And you who live in luxury," retorted the girl, "'would send her to the poorhouse for them. I thought better of you."

"Tuts," said the doctor, losing patience, "Mr. Dishart gives more than any other man in Thrums to the poor, and he is not to be preached to by a gypsy. We are waiting for you, Nanny."

"Ay, I'm coming," said Nanny, leaving the Egyptian. "I'll ha'e to gang, lassie. Dinna greet for me."

But the Egyptian said, "No, you are not going. It is these men who are going. Go, sirs, and leave us."

"And you will provide for Nanny?" asked the doctor contemptuously.

"Yes."

"And where is the siller to come from?"

"That is my affair, and Nanny's. Begone, both of you. She shall never want again. See how the very mention of your going brings back life to her face."

"I won't be gone," the doctor said, roughly, "till I see the color of your siller."

"Oh! the money," said the Egyptian scornfully. She put her hand into her pocket confidently, as if used to well-filled purses, but could only draw out two silver pieces.

"I had forgotten," she said aloud, though speaking to herself.

"I thought so," said the cynical doctor. "Come, Nanny."

"You presume to doubt me!" the Egyptian said, blocking his way to the door.

"How could I presume to believe you?" he answered. "You are a beggar by profession and yet talk as if—Poof, nonsense."

"I could live on terrible little," Nanny whispered, "and Sanders will be out again in August month."

"Seven shillings a week," rapped out the doctor.

"Is that all?" the Egyptian asked. "She shall have it."

"When?"

"At once. No, it is not possible to-night, but to-morrow I will bring five pounds; no, I will send it; no, you must come for it."

"And where, O daughter of Dives, do you reside?" the doctor asked.

No doubt the Egyptian could have found a ready answer had her pity for Nanny been less sincere; as it was, she hesitated, wanting to propitiate the doctor, without telling him her secret.

"I only asked," McQueen said, eyeing her curiously, "because when I make an appointment I like to know where it is to be held. But I suppose you are suddenly to rise out of the ground as you have done to-day, and did six weeks ago."

"Whether I rise out of the ground or not," the gypsy said, keeping her temper with an effort, "there will be a five pound note in my hand. You will meet me to-morrow about this hour at—say the Kaims of Cushie?"

"No," said the doctor, after a moment's pause; "I won't. Even if I went to the Kaims I should not find you there. Why can you not come to me?"

"Why do you carry a woman's hair," replied the Egyptian, "in that locket on your chain?"

The doctor stepped back from her hastily and could not help looking down at the locket.

"Yes," said the Egyptian calmly, "it is still shut; but why do you sometimes open it at night?"

"Lassie," the old doctor cried, "are you a witch?"

"Perhaps," she said; "but I ask for no answer to my questions. If you have your secrets, why may I not have mine? Now will you meet me at the Kaims?"

"No; I distrust you more than ever. Even if you came, it would be to play with me as you have done already. How can a vagrant have five pounds in her pocket when she does not have five shillings on her back?"

"You are a cruel, hard man," the Egyptian said, beginning to lose hope. "But, see!" she cried brightening, "look at this ring. Do you know its value?"

"I see it is gold," the doctor said cautiously, and she smiled at the ignorance that made him look only at the frame.

"Certainly it is gold," said Gavin, equally stupid.

"Mercy on us!" Nancy cried, "I believe it's what they call a diamond."

"How did you come by it?" the doctor asked suspiciously.

"I thought we had agreed not to ask each other questions," the Egyptian answered drily. "But see, I will give it to you in hostage. If I am not at Kaims to get it back you can keep it."

The doctor took the ring in his hand and examined it curiously.

"There is a quirk in this," he said at last, "that I don't like. Take back your ring, lassie. Mr. Dishart, give Nanny your arm, and I'll carry her box to the machine."

Now all this time Gavin had been in the dire distress of a man possessed of two minds. He did not answer the doctor.

"Unless," McQueen said, nettled by his hesitation, "you trust this woman's word."

Gavin tried honestly to weigh those two minds together, but impulse, nevertheless, jumped into one of the scales.

"You do trust me," the Egyptian said, with wet eyes.

"Yes," he said, firmly, "I trust you."

"Just think a moment first," the doctor warned him. "You will go to the Kaims for the siller?"

"If it is necessary," said Gavin.

"It is necessary," the Egyptian said.

"Then I will go."

"You dare not, man," the doctor said gruffly, "make an appointment with this gypsy. Think of what will be said in Thrums. Send some one in your place."

"He must come himself and alone," said the Egyptian. "You must both give me your promise not to mention who is Nanny's friend, and she must promise too."

"Well," said the doctor, buttoning up his coat, "I can not keep

my horse freezing any longer. Remember, Mr. Dishart, you take the sole responsibility of this."

"I do," said Gavin, "and with the utmost confidence."

"So be it," said the doctor. "Get the money and I will say nothing about it, unless I have reason to think that it has been dishonestly come by. Don't look so frightened at me, Nanny. I hope for your sake that her stocking-foot is full of gold."

"Surely it's worth risking," Nanny said, not very brightly, "when the minister's on her side."

"Ay, but on whose side, Nanny?" asked the doctor. "Lassie, I bear you no grudge; will you not tell me who you are?"

"Only a puir gypsy, your honour," said the girl, becoming mischievous now that she had gained her point; "only a wandering hallenshaker, and will I tell you your fortune, my pretty gentleman?"

"No, you sha'n't," replied the doctor, plunging his hands so hastily into his pockets that Gavin laughed.

"I don't need to look at your hand," said the gypsy, "I can read your fortune in your face."

She looked at him fixedly, so that he fidgeted.

"I see you," said the Egyptian in a sepulchral voice, and speaking slowly, "become very frail. Your eyesicht has almost gone. You are sitting alone in a cauld room cooking your ain dinner ower a feeble fire. The soot is falling down the lum. Your bearish manners towards women have driven the servant lassie frae your house, and your wife beats you."

"Ay, you spoil your prophecy there," the doctor said, considerably relieved, "for I'm not married; my pipe's the only wife I ever had."

"You will be married by that time," continued the Egyptian, frowning at this interruption, "for I see your wife. She is a shrew. She marries you in your dotage. She lauchs at you in company. She doesna allow you to smoke."

"Away with you, you jade," cried the doctor in a fury.

"You're na angry wi' me, doctor, are you?" asked Nanny wistfully. "You've been richt good to me, but I canna thole the thocht o' that place. And, oh, doctor, you winna tell neabody that I was so near ta'en to it?"

De Nice Leetle Canadienne.

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D.

YOU can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterrem,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien' dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder herse'f all de tam, night an' day,
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma famme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak lettle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see—

An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
Four boy and six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebber kip it, de stock from run out,
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

Changing Her Mind.

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

AS I rowled on my side-car to Santry Fair,
I chanced round a corner on Rose Adair,
Her shoes in her hands, as she took the track,
And a fowl in a basket upon her back.
"Step up, Miss Rose! Och! that bird's luck,
Attendin' the fair as Rose's duck,
As Rose's duck, as Rose's duck!"
"No! Shawn Magee, the bird's a goose,
And to travel with two, there's no sort of use."

Christmas Exercises.

For School, Home or Hall.

DECORATIONS: Evergreens besprinkled with bright red berries, wild grapevines, cotton-batting, grains, bittersweet, leaves, appropriate mottoes, etc.

I. SONG: *"Joy to the World."*

II. CHORUS RECITATION: *"Christmas Bells."* H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The word revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime
A chant, sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head,
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, not doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

III. DIALOGUE: *"A Christmas Gift."* ELLA M. POWERS.

For a girl and boy. The girl should have an old doll in her arms, the boy should carry a drum with broken head.

GIRL. This doll, Kris Kringle brought last year,
Gone is one eye, her hair, her ear;
And now some new ones he must bring,
The kind that walk and talk and sing.

BOY. Here is a drum I had last year,
You see it sounds now very queer;
I left it out once in the rain,
I've begged for other new drums in vain.

GIRL [seating herself at a table].
Let's write a letter to Santa Claus,
Telling him what to bring, because
It must be hard to bring, you see,
The very things we want; Dear me!

[*Girl, reaching for paper, ink and pen, writes. Presently she reads:*]

"I'll have a hundred wax dolls when you come,
And please bring a nice, rich sounding drum;
Bring hundreds of books and games, a store,
And a thousand candies and lots more."
The letter is done and now we'll away
And mail it to him right off to-day.

BOY. I guess he'll think 'tis very shocking,
To expect so much in one small stocking.

IV. Recitation: *"Christmas."* Margaret E. Sangster.

'Tis a beautiful time when Christmas comes
All up the streets and down,
For hearts alight make faces bright
When Christmas comes to town.
Neighbor and friend in gladness meet
And all are neighbors dear,
When the Christmas peace bids evil cease
In the holiest day of the year.

The fair white fields in silence lie,
Invisible angels go
Over the floor that sparkles hoar
With the glitter of frost and snow.
And they scatter the infinite balm of heaven
Wherever on earth they stay,
And heaven's own bliss they pour
On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings
For old and young to share,
With jingle of bells, and silvery swells
Of music in the air.
To make the sad world merry awhile,
And to frighten sin away,
And to bless us all, whatever befall,
Is the task of Christmas Day.

V. Recitation: *"Christmas Gifts."*

If I were you, dear little girl,—
But that I cannot be,
Because I do not wear a curl
And you don't look like me;
But if I were dear little you
There is one thing I wouldn't do.

A Christmas gift I wouldn't plan
For every one I know;
To exercise is better than
To sit and sew and sew.
Two rosy cheeks on Christmas Day
Beat anything you can crochet.

I wouldn't pine to be so rich,
Or long for diamond rings,
Or stand at plate-glass windows which
Are filled with costly things.
I wouldn't lack for Christmas cheer
When joys are all so cheap, my dear.

I said, you know, if I were you;
Of course, you know I'm not,
But I've met several parents who
Have talked to me a lot,
And all they want, I've heard them say,
Is just a kiss on Christmas Day.

VI. SONG: *"The Christmas Welcome."*

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

When the summer-time is passed, and the harvest housed at last,
And the woods are standing bare and brown and sere;
When the frost is sharp at night, and the days are short and bright,
Comes the gladdest, merriest time of all the year.

CHORUS.

Shout, boys, shout the hearty welcome!
Greet old Christmas with a roar!
He has met us with good cheer for this many a merry year,
And we hope he'll meet us all for many more!

Let the tempest rage without, let its blast be wild and stout,
What care we? Our hearts are stouter still and strong;
And within 'tis warm and light, and kind eyes are shining bright,
And the voices of our friends are in our song.

CHORUS.

There's rare and ancient rhyme tells that at the Christmas time,
Evil spirits flee away from all the earth,
That no wicked word may jar, and no sinful work may mar,
And no sorrow cast a shade on mortal mirth.

CHORUS.

VII. ACROSTIC: *"Merry Christmas."*

For 14 children, each one having suspended around neck a gold letter on a blue ground. As each child recites he turns card so as to show letter. When all are turned "Merry Christmas" will be formed.

FIRST.

*M*erry the children, under the castle wall,
Sing carols gay, to cheer both great and small.

SECOND.

E ach Christmas, as it comes, brings us cold fingers, blue noses and red cheeks, but we do not mind that, for it also gives us snowballs, snow houses and snow men.

THIRD.

R ough blows the wind, snow showers far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground.
Autumn has passed away; and, cold and drear,
Winter steps in with frozen mantle bound.

FOURTH.

R oll on, Old Year! you have done your work well:
You have gathered up gold
To fill us with cheer! Roll on, Old Year.

FIFTH.

Y es, the new years come and the old years go,
Slowly and silently to and fro.
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life will pass away,
As the new years come and the old years go.

SIXTH.

*C*hristmas comes but once a year;
But coming, may it bring
Plenty of cheer and happiness,
And every pleasant thing.

SEVENTH.

*H*igh and low
The winter winds blow—
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hilltops a pathway clear,
As they hurry the children along to school,
And whistle for Christmas and glad New Year.

EIGHTH.

*R*ing out, sweet bells, on this winter's night,
And tell the same old story:
Christmas has come with all its fun,
And skating, with its glory.

NINTH.

I n comes Christmas, like a king,
Dressed in white and crowned with gold,
In his kindly arms he brings
Gifts of love for young and old.

TENTH.

*S*leigh bells are ringing,
Children are singing
Carols that tell of the glad Christmas-tide.
Do we remember
The month of December
Brings us more joy than all months beside.

ELEVENTH.

*T*he wild flowers are all warmly tucked up in their beds this cold weather, and Mother Nature is rocking them to sleep.

TWELFTH.

*M*erry Christmas! What a welcome sound! It tells of holidays and frolics, snowballs and skating.

THIRTEENTH.

A happy Christmas to you!
May it bring you all fair things,
With the sweetest, best remembrance,
That about its coming clings.

FOURTEENTH.

*S*weet memories come and nestle in our hearts, of bygone Christmas times.
Ere this departs, may it give something dear to garner up, and fill our hearts with cheer.

VIII. RECITATION: *"Christmas Bounded."*

Christmas is bounded on the north by Happiness, Good Wishes, Oyster Lake and the Isthmus of Cranberry Sauce; on the east, by the Peninsula of Turkey and Ocean of Goodies; on the south by Mince Pies, Jellies and Cakes; on the west by Pleasant Words, from which it is separated by the Mountains of Cheerfulness. The capitals of Christmas are Peace and Good-Will, on the Christmas Tree River.

[*Here there comes a loud knock at the door.*]

IX. CHORUS RECITATION: *"Let Santa Claus In."*

Let old Santa Claus come in,
With his grizzly-bearded chin,
And his wondrous pack of toys
For good little girls and boys.
Dear, kind Santa Claus, you'll see
What good children we can be.

"Merry Christmas!" he will say,
"All who willingly obey,
Good at school and fair at play,
Shall have something fine to-day."

[*Child opens door. Enter* SANTA CLAUS.]

SANTA CLAUS. How do you do, children? I've been listening to your stories. Yes, I love all you children, wherever you may live. Your letters have come to me, and ever since then my wife and I have been busy. Think of the many presents we had to prepare! And I had to get my reindeer ready and shine the little sleigh. But here I am, all is prepared, and to-night, when you are fast asleep, I shall come down the chimney and fill your stockings. Now I must hurry away so that I can get back in time. Good-by, children.

In Memory of Lincoln.

[Oration given by Judge John N. Baldwin, of Nebraska, at the New York Republican Club's "Lincoln Dinner," Feb. 12, 1901.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN stands in no need of a vindicator or a eulogist. "His life speaks its own best eulogy." There need be no fear that if these commemorations should cease Lincoln would sink in public estimation or his deeds be lost in history. He had received the heart homage of the world before the beauties of his character were pointed out by the critical wand of the orator or the subtler insight of the poet; and not until poets cease to sing of love, duty, justice, simplicity, sincerity and truth will men cease to talk about Lincoln.

We all are familiar with the stressful action through which Lincoln's character was developed, and the strange frontier country in which his imagination was unfolded. I believe that the cardinal virtues of his life that have challenged the world's attention were simplicity, sincerity and truth, and I believe also that the providence of God ordered and set the scenes of Lincoln's early pilgrimage through life to create, form and fashion these virtues. A family of four, a log cabin, no window, one room and

a door; no furniture but rude logs; no machinery but an axe; no light but the flames from burning brushes; no steam but muscle to drive the axe; no college but Bible lore, fairy tales and country legends; no art but the fields and forests; no music but the song of the lark; no painting but the sun dipping his golden plumage in the west.

It was under these conditions that Abraham Lincoln was born, his character framed, his imagination formed and his noble and heroic soul entered upon life. Not by birth or opportunity was this man made. In the strange twilight of the prairies, unheralded and unknown, this strangely simple life began, yet the whole world has heard the story, from his studies by the log light to the speech at Gettysburg. In the solitude of the forests, in close communion with nature and nature's God, in the rude, humble toil of the frontiersman, was developed the innate self-hood of the man, the power that touched with glory of transfiguration that simple, earnest, sincere man as he uttered the closing appeal of his first inaugural.

We catch a glimpse of the effect of his communion with nature in the words of a simple truth uttered in a speech of 1856. He said: "In 1824 the free men of our State determined that those beautiful groves should never reecho the dirge of one who has no title to himself. By their resolute determination the winds that sweep across our broad prairies shall never cool the parched brow, nor shall the unfettered streams that bring joy and gladness to our free soil water the tired feet of a slave; but so long as those heavenly breezes and sparkling streams bless the land, or the groves and their fragrance or their memory remain, the humanity to which they minister shall be forever free."

Simplicity, sincerity and truth—each element necessary to the existence of the other—so early and deeply imbedded in his strong and simple nature, always continued to be Lincoln's noblest characteristics. This great triumvirate of power and virtue kept step with his advance, ruled him well, made him the founder of a great party, the deliverer of a nation and the preserver of the Constitution.

I venture the suggestion that no man will ever write his history and entitle it, "The True Abraham Lincoln." Abraham Lin-

coln! His simplicity and directness in thought, utterances and writing! He began his studies with a wooden shovel for a slate, logs and boards for paper; he died the greatest master of prose ever produced by the English race. His sincerity! Enslaved by poverty and deprivation, his young, darkly struggling heart longed for freedom. He died the emancipator of a race!

The birth of George Washington was the sign of American freedom. The death of Abraham Lincoln was its consummation. When Washington died, part only was free. When Lincoln died there was no slave. The same spirit of civil liberty that animated Washington in his struggle to make this land free, and Lincoln to make every man free, is to-day moving over the waters of our governmental life. As the spirit of Christianity will some day encompass this earth, so will the spirit of civil liberty enter into the formation of all government and control all nations. In the work of libertyizing this world the American flag will always be in the lead. On whatever land the Stars and Stripes are raised, it will be for freedom; whenever lowered, it will be for honor, and whenever unfolded, it will be forever and forever.

If these counsels or this work be of men, it will be overthrown, but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow it. We do not know but we believe that Abraham Lincoln's work was done under a higher guidance than ours, and will not be overthrown. We believe that in his last hour, when all the faculty of the broken spirit had faded away and died into inanity, imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then at last, the night flower of belief alone continued to bloom, and refreshed with its perfume his last darkness. We do not know, but we believe that when Death's cold touch made him dreamless here forever more, instantly he felt the warm touch of the Infinite and became Immortal.

Sue Waters's Housekeeping.

By THEO. WHITING.

Told by her little brother to the young man who came to call.

SAY, Mr. Gray, Sis is our housekeeper, nowadays. That's why she can't come down yet. You see, Ma had to go over to Aunt Kate's, and she's goin' to come home to-morrer, but I'll be awfully sorry—I mean for *her* when she has to clean up after Sis. You see, Sis has alers had so much work like readin' and posy sewin' to do, that I never saw her in the kitchin much of any afore.

When Ma went away, the bread went too, awful quick, and Pa said we'd better buy some; but Sis said something about "Time to learn something likely to be useful," and then kinder giggled. I don't see why, do you? Well, she made the bread, but she, nor any of us, didn't eat it. She give me a nickel to carry it off so far she'd never see it again, and I took a loaf at a time in my cart and then busted a wheel off, it was so heavy.

We had some first-class biscuit though, one day. She told me she was goin' to make some cream cookies, but she forgot to put in any sugar, so Dad said we might put some butter on 'em and call 'em biscuit. The pies was the worst though. You see, there was a lot of fractions, for the book told what to use for *six* pies and *two* crusts for a pie. Sue wanted to make two chocolate pies, and they need only one crust each, so she got me to get my slate and pencil and do the figurin', and what do you think, I forgot to invert my divisor and *multiplied* it by six and we had crust for *thirty-six* pies. I found out it was my mistake when I looked over the work next day, but you bet I never told Sue. The crust was good though, and I ate it with 'lasses on it and it beat bread all to pieces.

That's why I like Sis's cookin'. I ain't been real hungry at meal times once, 'cause there's always something of her cookin' I can have. I can most always eat it, 'cept the bread and puddin'. But there, I hear Sue comin' and I can't tell you about that, nor the other things, and don't tell her I told you anything, 'cause she told me not to tell folks; but you are so near one of the fam'ly it's all right, ain't it?

'And say, I advise you not to notice her red face nor blistered hands, 'cause she told Ben Brown last night, that she enjoyed housekeepin' very much and thought it must be nice to cook for *just two,* and—but I must go.

Hello, Sis! Mr. Gray's had to wait an awful long time, but he don't mind, for we have been havin' such a good visit. Can I have the rest of that frostin' now? You can't put it on that burned cake, can you?

Matthew the Miner.

By FRANK L. STANTON.

THE wind came over the southland pines
When the icy dews were falling,
With a breath of bloom from the vales and vines
And the cry of a far voice calling:—

"Matthew the miner, ride for life
To starving children and weeping wife!
Dream no more of golden store—
The wolf of hunger howls at your door!
Matthew the miner, ride for life
To starving children and weeping wife!"

'And the strong man shivered, and bowed his head
And thought of his famished fold;
"Home—home, with empty hands!" he said,
And cursed his dreams of gold.

'And breaking the strength of the soul at strife,
That cry—that pierced like a cruel knife:—
"To starving children and weeping wife,
Matthew the miner, ride for life!"

Did he weep? It was never a time for tears!
Once more for a drowning hold
On the banks of life! "God keep my wife
And give me the gleam of gold!"

And all through the night and all through the day
He toiled, and taught his lips to pray,
While ever that cry from the depths of life:—
"To starving children and weeping wife,
Matthew the miner, ride for life!"

When lo! in the dark he saw the gleam—
The glint of the golden ore;
And pressed the sod, and cried to God:—
"They shall hunger and weep no more!"

Ended, the years of toil and strife—
Light in the darkness! Light and life!
To starving weans and weeping wife,
Matthew the miner, ride for life!

Away! away! o'er the rocky hills
In fast and fearful flight!
Away! away! in the light of day,
And on through the gloom of night!

And the dreaming townsfolk heard this cry
Ring through the night as a steed dashed by:—
"Starving children and weeping wife—
Matthew the miner, ride for life!"

And the goal is gained and the welcome kiss
Of wife and children sweet;
And he scatters the gold, a hundred fold—
A world's wealth—at their feet!

But lo! he mounts his steed again,
And away and away o'er mount and plain—
Down the valley and over the hill
They heard his cry, all strange and shrill—
That cry of pain and deep heart-strife:—
"Matthew the miner, ride for life!"

And unto this day the mine men say
That ghostly cry they heed,
And a phantom rider fares away—
Away on a phantom steed!

And over the storm and over the strife
They hear this cry, from death to life:—
"Matthew the miner, ride for life—
Ride for life!"

De Tired Pickaninny's Star-Song.

By MARY BAILLIE.

DE night's a-comin' on, honey,
De air's a-growin' cool!
It's time dat pickaninny
Was off to evenin' school.

You dunno wha' dat is, honey?
Well, jes' you use dem eyes!
De school you's gwine to, honey,
Is dar, up in de skies.

Dey's no black babies dar, honey,
Dar all de child'en's white;
Dere eyes, dear, am dose twinklin' stars
Dat lighten up de night.

An' how you gwine get dar, honey?
Why, all you'se got to do
Is close dem eyes so big and wise,
An' let you' mammy coo

An' rock you, till you' body
Gwine get so very light,
De angels gwine to tek you;
But you ain't gwine feel no fright,

For you can't help love dem angels,
And dey'll bar you up so high
Dat when dey sets you on you' feet,
You'll fin' you's in de sky!

An' when you looks aroun' you,
As fur's you' eyes kin peer
Dey's holes poked fro de hebins;
What dem holes fur? Why, dear,

When lil' child'en goes to sleep
An' mounts 'way up dar,
De moon, de kin' school-massa,
Say, "Here, chile, peek fro dis star!"

So de child'en, dey peeps down, honey,
De moon fro de bigges' hole;
An' de people gazin' up, honey,
Dunno each star's a soul!

D'you know what dey larns dar, honey?
Dey larns what makes good, great men;
Dey larns dat black and white men's hearts
Am jes' de same in de en'.

Dey larn—hush, hush, lil' baby,
Dat de duty ain't allus far;
Dey larns—why de angels has took him,
An' look—why, dar's my star!

Attitudes Illustrated in Verse.

Arranged by MARTHA E. BARBOUR.

Reflection: "Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary over—"

Despair: "One more unfortunate, weary of breath,
Rashly importunate, gone to her—"

Respect: "'Most noble and approved Good Masters,
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,
Is most true, true that—'"

Suspense: "I leaned out the window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my own lover,
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For——"

Animated Attention: "There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming—
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray of——"

Vehemence: "'To arms! To arms! To arms!' they cry,
'Grasp the shield and draw the smord;
Lead us to Philippi's lord;
Let us conquer him or——'"

Indecision: "'Wait!' he said in a whisper, 'wait!
We must break it to his mother.'
'Break it! What! My ears are quick and——'"

Familiar Repose: "It ain't the funniest thing a man can do,
Existing in a country when it's new, for——"

Defiance: "William answered short, 'I cannot marry Dora,
By my life, I will not marry Dora.'"

When the Wind Goes Thro' the Maples.

By ELLA M. TRUESDELL.

WHEN the wind goes thro' the maples,
It plays in the grandest tones;
Not as it sighs thro' the pine-trees,
In fall and winter; but moans
For the coming desolation
Of earth, like one desert vast,
When all we know of summer,
Seems like a dream that has passed.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,
It is music sweet to hear;
'Tis more than chiming of brooklet,
Whose bells fall so silv'ry, clear.
It is more than robins' "cheery,"
'Tis more than all song of birds,
When the wind goes thro' the maples,—
It's gladness too deep for words.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,—
Ah! we pause and listen there,
It is above whitest daisies,
Above grasses green and fair.
'Tis bounded by cerulean tints,
It comes from heaven's own blue;
When the wind goes thro' the maples,
It is heaven's language new.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,
'Tis music sent from above;
It is like the angels' harping,
It is like their song of love.

And yet it does more remind us,
Of diapasons so grand—
The music of the solemn waves,
All notes of the sea and land.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,—
A chorus so glad of sound,
All nature's hymn it is singing,
Ah! who can this music bound?
The pæans of many nations,
With all things in jubilee,
When the wind goes thro' the maples,
A song so joyous and free.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,
We dream of our youth again,
Of the bliss we then were seeking,
All life but a clover plain.
Of roses beck'ning us onward,
Of the blue mounts and bright streams;
For the wind music of maples,
Does oft mingle with our dreams.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,
It brings to us scent of sweet rose,
The violet of dark woodland,
Or the wayside pink that blows;
When the wind goes thro' the maples,
Bowing low, as knights, they seem,
Each in his gold and emerald,
Where the sun on leaf does gleam.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,
And the rain-bells tinkle, too,
It makes such a grand orchestra,
Without even song of dew.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,
It cools the leaves and flowers,
It has its mission of healing,
No less than falling showers.

When the wind goes thro' the maples—
Like organ chords floating sweet,
You listen indeed to hear them,
They seem with such joy to greet.
Lost in them all pain and sorrow,
A message of life and light,
Of the new Jerus'lem waiting,
Of a day so fair, no night.

When the wind goes thro' the maples,
Then the Angelus does ring;
The story of the Christ-child,
The zephyrs to us bring.
We hear their matins and vespers,
We pause to praise and to pray;
In this cathedral worshipping,
There opens Heaven's own way.

The Fountain.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[James Russell Lowell, born Feb. 22, 1819.]

INTO the sunshine, full of the light,[1]
Leaping and flashing[2] from morn till night!
Into the moonlight,[3] whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like[4] when the winds blow!

Into the starlight rushing in spray,[1]
Happy at midnight,[5] happy by day!
Ever in motion, blithesome and cheery,[2]
Still climbing heavenward,[2] never aweary:—

Glad of all weathers,[6] still seeming best,
Upward or downward,[2] motion thy rest;—
Full of a nature nothing can tame,[7]
Changed every moment,[6] ever the same.[7]

Ceaseless aspiring,[8] ceaseless content,[9]
Darkness or sunshine thy element;—
Glorious fountain![6] Let my heart be[10]
Fresh, changeful, constant, upward,[11] like thee!

1. Right hand quickly thrust forward, front center at waist-line. 2. Upward spiral motion. 3. Let hand slowly descend. 4. Sway from side to side. 5. Clasp hands at chest. 6. Both arms extended front, palms up. 7. Both hands on chest. 8. Both arms extended upward oblique. 9. Palms together at chest. 10. Both hands on heart. 11. Carry upward oblique.

Curfew.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[Henry W. Longfellow, born Feb. 27, 1807.]

SOLEMNLY, mournfully, dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.[1]
Cover the embers,[2] and put out the light;[3]
Toil comes with the morning, and rest with the night.[4]

Dark grow the windows,[5] and quenched is the fire;[2]
Sound fades into silence,[6]—all footsteps retire.[7]
No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall![8]
Sleep and oblivion reign over all![9]

The book is completed,[10] and closed,[11] like the day;
And the hand that has written it lays it away.[12]
Dim grow its fancies; forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,[2] they darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,[13] the story is told,
The windows are darkened,[14] the hearth-stone is cold.[2]
Darker and darker the black shadows fall;[15]
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

1. Shake head. The voice is deep, full and round. 2. Left hand horizontal front, palm down. 3. Keeping left hand in same position, extend right hand upward oblique. 4. Clasp hands in front of body. 5. Both hands sweeping from upward front center around to sides, palms outward. 6. Listening attitude. 7. Right hand carried from mid-front to side. 8. Shake head. 9. Both arms extended fullest length forward, palms down. 10. Hold right hand mid-front, a little way out from body, palm up. 11. Turn palm over. 12. Carry hand around to side. 13. Both arms at fullest length out at sides; slowly drop at sides. 14. Extend right hand upward oblique. 15. Both arms upward at front center; slowly drop until at waist-line, hands spreading apart.

Master.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

MASTER went a-hunting,
When the leaves were falling;
We saw him on the bridle path,
We heard him gaily calling.
"Oh, master, master, come you back,
For I have dreamed a dream so black!"
A glint of steel from bit and heel,
The chestnut cantered faster,
A red flash seen amid the green,
And so good-by to master.

Master came from hunting,
Two silent comrades bore him;
His eyes were dim, his face was white,
The mare was led before him.

"Oh, master, master, is it thus
That you have come again to us?"
I held my lady's ice-cold hand,
They bore the hurdle past her;
Why should they go so soft and slow?
It matters not to master.

Time Doeth All Things Well.

By JEROME HARTE.

A LOVELY maiden came down the garden path amid the dewy roses, her hands clutched upon her heart, her anguished eyes strained in every direction.

"Ah, what shall I do?" she moaned, lifting her glance to heaven. "Alas, I have lost my heart!"

Love stepped from the dusky shadows of the rose bush and confronted her.

"Here it is," he said kindly, and stood holding out her heart in one hand; his other, grasping a pearly arrow, thrown behind his back. The maiden fell upon her knees, and trembling, caught the heart in her hands.

"But it is broken!" she cried with straining eyes. "It is broken!"

"I am sorry," Love said, his little face growing sober. "I didn't mean to break it. Indeed I'm very sorry."

The maiden threw herself upon her face. "Oh, can it never be mended?" she sobbed in pitiful despair.

Love's face brightened. "Why, yes," he said, "Father Time will make it whole again! He passes the garden gate in a little while. Run and ask him to mend it for you."

The maiden struggled to her feet and hastened down the path to the garden gate. An old man was passing along the wide, white, dusty road. His snowy hair fell upon his broad, bent shoulders and a knotted stick aided his long rapid strides.

"Stop a minute, good Father Time," called the girl, flying through the gate and down the road; "stop a minute and heal my heart!"

But Time heeded not, and the maiden ran after him, along the road, through dust and stones, over hill and level, wildly calling and waving her hands. The sun grew hot and oppressive, and clouds came and rain fell, but the maiden still struggled onward, staggering with weariness, hoarse from calling. At length darkness descended and the old man disappeared in the gathering gloom.

Then the maiden sank down, panting and helpless, and burst into passionate weeping, "Alas! Alas! Time would not wait, and my heart will be ever broken!"

Suddenly she looked up. The darkness seemed to have taken wings; golden sunlight streamed round her, and smiling Love stood by. She glanced at the heart in her hand. Lo, there was no crack, nor crevice upon its surface! Love pointed to the mended heart.

"I told you Time would make it whole again," he said.

Washington Acrostic.

[For ten young people with fans, on which are pasted or painted the letters W, A. S, H, etc. When each has recited produce fan, which may have been held behing back and spell out name. After each stanza wave fans back and forth in unison, up, down, right, left; then fan promiscuously.]

*W*here may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dare not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction, and unstained by wars!

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which served the ruled, is just.

Illustrious warrior, hail!
Oft did thy sword prevail
O'er hosts of foes.
Come and fresh laurels claim;
Still dearer make thy name
Long as immortal Fame
Her trumpet blows.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done,
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
Enrolled with his hosts that led,
Whose blood for us—for all—was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor—nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!
While the stars of Heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Traced there in lines of light
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man and sage,
Stands Washington.

Our first and best! his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

Now the true patriots see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won,
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

What's in a Name?

A Dialogue for Women.

By ELLERTON GAY.

CHARACTERS: MRS. BELTERRE.
GWENDOLEN, her daughter.

COSTUMES: MRS. BELTERRE in elegant morning dress. GWENDOLEN in riding-habit.

SCENE: MRS. BELTERRE'S boudoir. Time, 11 A.M.

MRS. BELTERRE. How frightfully energetic you are, riding so early, after dancing till three!

GWENDOLEN. It freshens one up so. It was a lovely ball.

MRS. B. Quite the nicest of the season. You danced everything?

GWEN. Yes, so did you!

MRS. B. Not everything. [*Apologetically.*] I would not have danced if you had been partnerless.

GWEN. [*smiling*]. Your partners would not have suited me.

MRS. B. Why?

GWEN. They are either too old or too young!

MRS. B. [*condescendingly*]. What a nice-looking lad Peter Glubb has grown. Quite nice manners, too!

GWEN. [*with suppressed indignation*]. Lad! He is twenty-two.

MRS. B. Really! It seems only the other day he was a small boy, with a perpetual cold in his head, and no handkerchief. I thought he did not seem pleased when I told him he had grown since Christmas.

GWEN. He believed you had said it to snub him, as he has been five-feet-eleven since he was eighteen.

MRS. B. He dances beautifully. [*Suddenly.*] How many did you have with him.

GWEN. [*hesitatingly*]. Five—I think.

MRS. B. Oh! He is twenty-two and you are eighteen.

GWEN. And you are thirty-seven. What have our ages to do with it?

MRS. B. [*absently*]. What a name to bestow on the lady of his choice! Mrs. Peter Glubb!

GWEN. I don't think it matters what one is called. Peter is a gentleman.

MRS. B. He is, and he does not sniff—much—now. He said very flattering things to me. What could have been his reason?

GWEN. Why seek a reason? Doubtless they were sincere.

MRS. B. Would he have said them if my wise little daughter had already accepted the proposal that Mr. Ponsonby is waiting an opportunity to make?

GWEN. There I have you, mother! Talking of names, I happen to know that Mr. Ponsonby was born "Smithers!"

MRS. B. [*hastily*]. How did you hear that?

GWEN. From some one whose father knows about the stone that was removed from the church wall, because it set forth that the grandfather, John Smithers, had contracted to supply the government with oil for lighthouses, and had thereby made a fortune.

MRS. B. The fortune was considerable and exists, though the tombstone has disappeared. Has Mr. Glubb—Glubb!—any tutoring to do now.

GWEN. [*demurely*]. No. He has just left his last place.

MRS. B. Poor boy, what an arduous position! Lady Sophia saw you dancing with him, and asked his name. How funny she is; you would have laughed at her humorous grimace when I told it!

GWEN. Lady Sophia is a vulgar old thing.

MRS. B. She is charming, and such a mimic. Even you could not have helped laughing at the inimitable way she took off dear old Clarissa to the life. By-the-bye, Clarissa is Mr. Glubb's aunt; what odd relations the poor boy has!

GWEN. [*hotly*]. Peter did not make his relations.

MRS. B. [*sotto voce*]. No, his relations made him—at least some of them did. How nicely you stand up for your young friend, dear; but your doing so might be misunderstood in some quarters.

GWEN. If you mean by Mr. Ponsonby, that does not concern me.

MRS. B. Then it should, Gwen. The dear fellow is devoted to you, and he is *the* match of the season.

GWEN. [*impulsively*]. Mother, Peter——

MRS. B. [*mimicking*]. Father, Peter! Dear child, really I think you must leave off calling Mr. Glubb by his ugly christian name—a choice of evils—now that he is twenty-two.

GWEN. [*blurting it out*]. Peter proposed to me last night.

MRS. B. [*uneasily*]. How very amusing! Of course you laughed it off?

GWEN. No, I took it quite seriously. I love him.

MRS. B. Love him! What an odd girl you are, Gwen. You can't possibly mean you prefer to be Mrs. Peter Glubb, on nothing a year, rather than Mrs. John Plantagenet Ponsonby, with ever so many thousands! You are no more fit to be the wife of a poor man than the kitchen-maid downstairs is to be a duchess.

GWEN. I did not exactly accept Peter.

MRS. B. [*fondly*]. There speaks my dear child!

GWEN. I told him to talk to you.

MRS. B. Quite right. I will speak to him kindly, and tell him if you are both free in five years, and of the same mind, when he has something to marry on, that I will not withhold my consent. Never fear, I will let him down gently.

GWEN. He does not want to marry until he is in a position to keep me.

MRS. B. He is mighty modest! When will that be, on a beggarly tutorship of £250 a year; and precarious at that? In the meanwhile, darling, you will be nice to Mr. Ponsonby, won't you? His chestnut team is the best in London; his coach the best turned out; his town-house the best appointed; and his place in Shropshire—though I confess it is absolutely raw with newness—the best in the county; while he himself is——

GWEN. [*dispassionately*]. Knockkneed!

MRS. B. It is scarcely perceptible, except in knickerbockers, or a kilt, and you can veto his wearing those garments. He has——

GWEN. A sloping forehead!

MRS. B. It shelves back a little, I admit, but he is quite nice-looking.

GWEN. Not so handsome as Peter Glubb.

MRS. B. [*crossly*]. Don't harp on that odious name. It jars on me terribly.

GWEN. I forgot to say Peter's uncle in Australia died some time ago and has left him his money.

MRS. B. [*sceptically*]. A couple of thousands?

GWEN. A couple of millions—I forget if it is two or three millions.

MRS. B. You don't mean it! And you really love him, dearest?

GWEN. Yes, I have always been fond of him—though, of course I should have hated to be poor.

MRS. B. [*with generous impulse*]. It shall never be said that I thwarted my only child where her affections are set. You are sure about the uncle?

GWEN. Quite; he—I mean Peter—is coming this morning, and will tell you all about it.

MRS. B. [*reflectively*]. I think there were some Glubbs in Hereford who had a hyphen and another name; has—ahem!—Peter—another name?

GWEN. Yes, he is called Merrion.

MRS. B. Mrs. Merrion-Glubb! That's not so bad! [*A ring.*] This must be Mr. Merrion-Glubb, darling.

A Reasonable Man.

Translated from the French by Lucy Hayes Macqueen.

Monologue for a Man.

[*Reciter enters, with letter in hand.*] What is this? A letter from my wife? Why does she write? I saw her only this morning. It is some feminine idea. She has exaggerated notions. I *hate* exaggeration. [*Puts letter in pocket.*] I am going to tell you about a little adventure of mine, no, it is more than an adventure, it is a history; and yet it is hardly a history, for such a dignified

name can not be given to what happened to me no later than this very day.

I awoke this morning very happy—well, not exactly *happy,* still in very good humor with myself and all the world. I do not belong to that class of persons who laugh, "He, he, he!" without knowing what they are laughing about; neither do I belong to that other class who cry "Oh, oh, oh!" without having the remotest idea of what they are crying about. No, I am a *serious* man, well, not exactly serious, but *reasonable,* yes, that is the exact word,—*reasonable.* It is not because I am old that I am reasonable, indeed, I am younger than I look. Still, I am not young enough to be idiotic like most young people who think they can do everything that ever was done under the sun, who go into ecstacies over every flower they see and cry out: *"Oh, spring! Oh, the flowers!"* Pshaw! let us not exaggerate spring. It is simply the end of winter, or the beginning of summer,—it is spring.

Again, I am not like old people who shake their heads and say they do not like this and they do not like that, who say: [*Indifferently.*] "Spring! The flowers! Ah, well, the flowers grow on plants. They come out after the leaves." Pshaw! let us not exaggerate.

But I am digressing. To return to the little tale I was going to relate. I must tell you that I bought a hat to-day, with an *electric lining.* Not that I believe in modern inventions, but I saw this particular hat, I bought it—at a reasonable price. For the rest, it was *very*—no, it was reason—I mean it was a *seasonable,* decorous hat. Then, this morning, I went out feeling very—no; but feeling well. The weather was fine and I said: "I will buy a newspaper." Not that I am carried away with love of politics, nothing of the kind, because many people cry out: "Politics! there is nothing worth calling politics except *this,* really nothing but *this!"* Again, I do not belong to the opposite political faction who shout: "Don't believe that. It does not amount to anything. You must vote *this* way, etc." Pshaw! let us not exaggerate. In politics it is not necessary to believe—you follow me? Well, it is not necessary to believe that everything is good or bad simply because some one tells you that everything is so. Do you understand?

To return: I buy a newspaper, I open it, the wind blows hard, no, not *very* hard, but still a pretty good gale, so I close my paper, for after all it makes no difference whether I read it or not—it is all the same. The newspaper men say so much is white, so much is black. Why should all that be white and all this be black? I do not agree with them.

Well, the wind blew harder and I felt it blowing my hat off my head. I pulled that hat down tight over my ears. I know that it is not becoming pulled down thus. Still it is not ugly. I have my own ideas on the subject of beauty. When a man pulls down his hat this way over his ears, he is not as handsome as Apollo, still it (the hat) is useful stuck on in that way and whatever is useful and convenient can never be ugly. Sculptors and artists tell us so much. Still, if you listen to artists! Do you know I was acquainted with a musician once, and he would not even *look* at any music except his own. He said all music except his, was good for nothing. But do not let us speak of musicians; we would have to discuss them all night.

Well, I walked along, and my newspaper was not altogether closely shut on account of the wind which blew it open once in a while. I was just about to step on the bridge—I do not now recall just *what* bridge—when I perceived a little woman ahead of me. I tell you she was pretty. No, do not let us exaggerate, but she held up her gown like this. [*Affected gesture of holding up train.*] She was [*looks volumes*] no, she was not [*another meaning look*]—at least, *you* know what she was. I do not belong to that class of persons who cry out, "The ladies! the ladies!" who have the subject forever on their lips. Neither do I belong to that class who twirl their moustaches and say, "Oh, these women! these women!" I say simply, "The ladies!"

I thought she was quite *chic,* this little woman. I can not say that I was in love with her because there are too many people who cry out: "Oh, love, love! and who proceed to say to every woman they meet: "I love you! I love you!" Pshaw! do not let us exaggerate.

I held my newspaper in one hand and with the other I pulled that hat down close over my ears because the wind was blowing hard. I

walked like this beside the little woman. You will say that was not the right thing for a married man to do. Yes, I am married—married after a fashion. Oh, of course, I was married in a legitimate way—had a license and all that—and I love my wife. Pshaw! do not let us exaggerate. I esteem my wife; no, I have sincere affection for her. Still, you know, I am not of that class of men, who cry out on every occasion: "Marriage! marriage! It is a sacrament!" Pshaw! it is only necessary to say [*indifferently*], "Marriage! marriage!"

To be jealous is a great exaggeration. For instance, my wife has a cousin named Oscar. He is a good boy, well, no, he is a man like the rest of us. For a year past, our relations have been somewhat strained, that is, I know him without knowing him. You understand. You laugh and say: "Well, one is not obliged to entertain one's wife's cousins at one's house." Pshaw! let us not exaggerate.

Remember, my wife is always nervous. For two years past, every time that I have ever addressed a reasonable remark to her, she replied with a nervous attack. I do not wish to denounce marriage. I know very well that marriage is a good thing for the family. One says all when one says that. What is the family? It is Mr. So and So and Mrs. So and So and their children—when they have children. I do not wish to denounce the family, nor propriety. It is proper to possess as much as you can, for when you own a good deal you are considered a safe and proper person to have around. Then, one can not deny your propriety. But do not let us discuss propriety; it would take up too much time.

Then, as I held my newspaper in one hand and my hat in the other, a gust of wind blew my paper out of my left hand. I clutched at the paper with my right hand, but in doing so, I let go of my hat. The little woman began to walk very fast. I wished to follow her. Another gust of wind came along. It raised my hat off my head. In order to seize my hat, I let go of my paper and then I had neither paper, hat, nor little woman.

I saw my hat fly like this [*undulatory gesture*] into the Seine as I stood bare-headed on the bridge. A street gamin saw my plight and laughed aloud. It was an exaggerated laugh. A passer-by as-

sured me that I would recover my hat by calling at the office for lost articles, at Saint-Cloud. You know they drag the Seine and fish out lost articles and deposit them in an office at Saint-Cloud? [*Consults watch.*] It is not late, it is not early, it is just my time. Apropos, I wonder what my wife can have to say to me? Some exaggeration, I fear. [*Opens letter and reads.*]

"Life is impossible with you, so I am going away with Oscar." [*In a stupor.*] You see, she exaggerates. Ah, well, there are many people who in my position would cry aloud and say: "My wife!"

But I, no, I am going to find my wife and talk reasonably with her. Though women and men and everything else under Heaven, even Nature herself should become exaggerated, I shall find my hat, I shall find my wife and I shall remain reasonable. [*Exits slowly.*]

A Water Color.

Monologue for a Woman.

[*Enters, laughing.*] How absurd it is! How utterly absurd! Is it possible I can laugh still? It must be that I have no heart. [*Puts hand on heart.*] Yes, it beats and beats calmly. So much the better; I am reassured.

What a craze men have for marrying widows. I am a widow. Some one presented to me ayoung man, by name Louis de Montalembert, neither good nor bad—rather more bad than good, perhaps—rather distinguished looking, sporting an array of inoffensive little orders, saying neither too much nor enough, with his hair combed and recombed in most exquisite fashion. A sufficiently presentable husband after all. All winter that man pays court to me. It neither ends, nor does it become interesting. I meet him everywhere I go and everywhere I do not go. As spring advances, Louis rests in the background, and I remain as indifferent as I was the first day. When July arrives I prepare to leave town.

"Where do you go?" he asks.

"To Dieppe."

"Then I go also."

He also! However, all the world is at liberty to go to Dieppe, and I should not complain. But I had been here only eight days, when, last evening, a visiting card was brought to me. It was he! I should have expected him, but I call the ocean to witness that I did not.

"Most happy to see you again," he said, as his rose and white visage appeared, for he is [*laughing*]—he *was* always rose and white! And he added, "You find it amusing here?"

"Oh, well enough!"

"You like the climate?"

"Oh, yes."

"How do you kill time?"

"Oh, the promenades, the Casino, the bath—".

"The bath? Do you swim?"

"Well enough; and you?"

"Oh,—*I*—!" And he said that "Oh, *I!*" with such a self-satisfied air, that I already saw in fancy that carefully combed head in salt water.

"What time do you bathe to-morrow?" he asked.

"Six o'clock."

"Evening?"

"No; morning."

"In the morning," he echoed, "at low tide! What an idea! But I understand; you enjoy trying to swim and do not care to be seen by the scoffers on shore."

I remained quite silent from amusement and surprise. He took his leave. I confess I wondered what he was going to do next.

This morning at six o'clock I left the bath-house, as I had told him. I threw a searching glance toward the men's side, and saw but one bather. On the woman's side there was but one, and that was I. The other bather, enveloped in his robe, walked across the pebbles toward the sea, which seemed indisposed to admit him to its embrace, for it receded in a manner quite abnormal. We plunged in, the mysterious bather and I, always far apart. He left his robe on the beach, and when I saw him I thought my eyes had deceived me. Brightened by the rising sun, feet and part of his legs embedded in the sand, the unknown had the appearance of a little

ball that rolled around aimlessly. "It is not he," I said to myself, plunging into the sea, without taking any further notice of the man. After a certain number of strokes I reached the boat that marked the limit for prudent swimmers. At this hour the boat was empty. I went around it, and what did I find behind it but a man, who, in turning to face me, said:

"Madame, I have the honor to salute you."

"Ah, it is you?"

He was there, the little ball, on the moment! His hair, which he had carefully kept dry, was still artistically arranged, and his skin was always rose and white.

"Yes, it is I," he answered, "and I beg pardon for presenting myself before you in so neglige a costume."

"But you could not very well wear your black coat. Do you go far in this style?"

"Why, yes; and you?" and he began to eye me uneasily.

I continued to swim ahead and he kept near me, moving with as much grace as he could muster. We were going beautifully when suddenly:

"But—you know—you know—how—to swim!" he finished, his voice very choked and he quite oblivious of a great wave which promptly submerged him. When he reappeared I replied, gently:

"Oh, I swim!" He seized the plank, advising me to do the same.

"You are tired, already?" This question would certainly have raised every hair on his head had they not been so solidly glued to his scalp by the salt waves.

"*I!* tired? A swimmer such as *I?* I am never tired! I will go—to America!"

"Very well," I answered, "let us go." [*Make gesture of swimming.*]

But he had talked better than he swam. He threw me by stealth looks full of wrath and salt water. He murmured, "It is for you I fear the fatigue."

He was obliged to speak and breathe and swallow salt water all in a moment. I swam on calmly.

"My departure waits upon yours. [*Imitate movement of swimming.*] I shall be desolate if any imprudence—"

"Come on, do not be afraid," I interrupted.

"I am not afraid," he cried, with a vigorous plunge to escape a breaker, "and then we are alone." Ah, yes; we were alone! "I wish," he continued, "that this marriage—you know what I would say—"

"Well?"

"In short, I wish you would make up your mind to—"

I could not hear the end of this remark—Louis de Montalembert had disappeared! I made a dive after him, grasped him by the head, and being a passable swimmer, was lucky enough to float him to the boat, into which I lifted him, not without a good deal of trouble. He was *so* heavy! And ugly! Heavens! *how* ugly! In spite of the gravity of the circumstances I could not help laughing. It is in such moments that one reads the heart clearly—I did not love him—I never had loved him. Ah, he was no longer rose and white—he was a most beautiful green! How could I love a man so green as that! Once in the boat, I began to wonder what I should do next. I saw two or three bathers on the shore coming to our assistance. Suddenly I remembered that in a swoon one must put the patient's head lower than his feet. It seemed absurd; but as I knew nothing else to do, I seized him by the ankles and, climbing on the seat, dragged him into a position as vertical as it was disagreeable. I can assure you his head was as low as possible! As I held him so, I said to myself, "Never did a fiancé find himself in such a situation before his betrothed." It is incredibly funny!

By this time the bathers had reached us. I was very tired, but in good spirits, for it seemed to me that he was reviving. His arms moved; I called to the others, "He lives!"

"Let him alone," they screamed, "let him alone!"

I let go, and he tumbled into the bottom of the boat. Ah, he was no longer green—he was as red as a turkey-cock! The blood had begun to circulate, and had gone to his head. The boat took us safely to shore, where there were already a number of people. They had heard what had happened and began to congratulate me. Much astonished, I inquired the reason of these compliments.

Thereupon Louis de Montalembert, who had quite revived, and had also donned a bath-robe, cried out:

"Why these compliments? Why you have saved my life!" At that moment I heard behind me one of the bathing-masters muttering:

"If it were I who had saved him, I'd have twenty-five francs; it is the prize."

Louis continued. (By this time he was neither rose, nor white, nor green, nor red—he was orange!) "Yes," he said, "you have saved me! What *can* I do to repay you!"

I replied calmly, "Twenty-five francs. It seems that is the prize." And as the crowd began to laugh, I flew into my cabin, and *how* I laughed myself. How *could* I ever marry a rainbow!

How Lucy Backslid.

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

DE times is mighty stirrin' 'mong de people up ouah way,
Dey 'sputin' an' dey argyin' an' fussin' night an' day;
An' all dis monst'ous trouble dat hit meks me tiahed to tell
Is 'bout dat Lucy Jackson dat was sich a mighty belle.

She was de preachhah's favoured, an' he tol' de chu'ch one night
Dat she traveled thro' de cloud o' sin a-bearin' of a light;
But, now, I 'low he t'inkin' dat she mus' 'a' los' huh lamp,
Case Lucy done backslided an' dey trouble in de camp.

Huh daddy wants to beat huh, but huh mammy daihs him to,
Fu' she lookin' at de question f'om a ooman's pint o' view;
An' she say dat now she wouldn't have it diff'ent ef she could;
Dat huh darter only acted jes' lak any othah would.

Cose you know w'en women argy, dey is mighty easy led
By dey hea'ts an' don't go foolin' 'bout de reasons of de haid.
So huh mammy laid de law down (she ain' reckernizin' wrong),
But you got to mek erlowance fu' de cause dat go along.

Now de cause dat made Miss Lucy fu' to th'ow huh grace away
I's afeard won't baih no 'spection w'en hit come to jedgment day;
Do' de same t'ing been a-wo'kin' evah sence de worl' began,—
De ooman disobeyin' fu' to 'tice along a man.

Ef you 'tended de revivals which we held de wintah pas',
You kin rickolec' dat convuts was a-comin' thick an' fas';
But dey ain't no use in talkin', dey was all lef' in de lu'ch
W'en ol' Mis' Jackson's dartah foun' huh peace an' tuk de chu'ch.

W'y she shouted ovah evah inch of Ebenezah's flo';
Up into de preachah's pulpit an' f'om dah down to de do';
Den she hugged an' squeezed huh mammy, an' she hugged an' kissed huh dad,
An' she struck out at huh sister, people said, lak she was mad.

I has 'tended some revivals dat was lively in my day,
An' I's seed folks git 'uligion in mos' evah kin o' way;
But I tell you, an' you b'lieve me dat I's speakin' true indeed,
Dat gul tuk huh 'ligion ha'dah dan de ha'dest yit I's seed.

Well, f'om dat, 'twas "Sistah Jackson, won't you please do dis er dat?"
She mus' allus sta't de singin' w'en dey'd pass erroun' de hat,
An' hit seemed dey wasn't nuffin' in dat chu'ch dat could go by
'Dout Sistah Lucy Jackson had a finger in de pie.

But de sayin' mighty trufeful dat hit easiah to sail
W'en de sea is ca'm an' gentle dan to weathah out a gale.
Dat's whut made dis ooman's trouble; ef de sto'm had kep' away,
She'd had enough 'uligion fu' to lasted out huh day.

Lucy went wid 'Lishy Davis, but w'en she jined chu'ch, you know
Dah was lots o' little places dat, of cose, she couldn't go;
An' she had to gin up dancin' an' huh singin' an' huh play,—
Now hit's nachul dat sich goin's-on 'u'd drive a man away.

So, w'en Lucy got so solemn, Ike he sta'ted fu' to go
Wid a gal who was a sinnah an' could mek a bettah show.
Lucy jes' went on to meetin' lak she didn't keer a rap,
But my 'sperunce kep' me t'inkin' dah was somep'n' gwine to drap.

Fu' a gal won't let 'uligion er no othah so't o' t'ing
Stop huh w'en she teks a notion dat she wants a weddin' ring.
You kin p'omise huh de blessin's of a happy aftah life
(An hit's nice to be a angel), but she'd ravah be a wife.

So w'en Chrismus come an' mastah gin a frolic on de lawn,
Didn't 'sprise me not de littlest seein' Lucy lookin' on.
An' I seed a wa'nin' lightnin' go a-flashin' f'om huh eye
Jest ez 'Lishy an' his new gal went a-gallivantin' by.

An' dat Tildy, umph! she giggled, an' she gin huh dress a flirt,
Lak de people she was passin' was ez common ez de dirt;
An' de minit she was dancin', w'y dat gal put on mo' aihs
Dan a cat a-tekin' kittens up a paih o' windin' staihs.

She could 'fo'd to show huh sma'tness, fu' she couldn't he'p but know
Dat wid jes' de present dancahs she was ownah of de flo';
But I t'ink she's kin' o' cooled down ef she happened on de sly
Fu' to noticed dat 'ere lightnin' dat I seed in Lucy's eye.

An' she wouldn't been so 'stonished w'en de people gin a shout,
An' Lucy th'owed huh mantle back an' come a-glidin' out.
Some ahms was dah to tek huh an' she fluttahed down de flo'
Lak a feddah f'om a bedtick w'en de win' commence to blow.

Soon ez Tildy see de trouble, she jes' tu'n an' toss huh haid,
But seem lak she los' huh sperrit, all huh darin'ness was daid.
Didn't cut anothah capah nary time de blessid night;
But de othah one, hit looked lak couldn't git enough delight.

W'en you keeps a colt a-stan'nin' in de stable all along,
W'en he do git out hit's nachul he'll be pullin' mighty strong.
Ef you will tie up yo' feelin's, hyeah's de bes' advice to tek,
Look out fu' an awful loosin' w'en de string dat hol's 'em brek.

Lucy's mammy groaned to see huh, an' huh pappy st'omed an' to',
But she kep' right on a-hol'in' to de centah of de flo'.
So dey went an' ast de pastoh ef he couldn't mek huh quit,
But de tellin' of de sto'y th'owed de preachah in a fit.

Tildy Taylor chewed huh hank'cher twell she'd chewed it in a hole,—
All de sinnahs was rejoicin' 'cause a lamb had lef' de fol',
An' de las' I seed o' Lucy, she an 'Lish was side an' side;
I don't blame de gal fu' dancin', an' I couldn't ef I tried.

Fu' de men dat wants to ma'y ain't a-growin' 'roun' on trees,
An' de gal dat wants to git one sholy has to try to please,
Hit's a ha'd t'ing fu' a ooman fu' to pray an' jes' set down,
An' to sacafice a husban' so's to try to gain a crown.

Now, I don' say she was justified in follerin' huh plan;
But aldough she los' huh 'ligion, yit she sholy got de man.
Latah on, w'en she is suttain dat de preachah's made 'em fas'
She kin jes' go back to chu'ch an' ax fu'giveness fu' de pas'!

How Girls Fish.

THERE are generally about six of them in a bunch, with light dresses on, and they have three poles, with as many hooks and lines among them. As soon as they get to the river they look for a good place to get down the bank, and the most venturesome one

sticks her boot heels in the bank and makes two careful steps down—then finds herself at the bottom, with both arms in the water, and a general feeling that everybody in the wide world is looking at her, and she never tells anybody how she got there. The other girls, profiting by her example, turn around and go down the bank on their hands and toes, backward, then they scamper over the rifts until they find a shallow place, where they can see the fish, and shout:

"Oh, I see one!"

"Where?"

"Why, there."

"Let's catch him."

"Who's got the bait?"

"You lazy thing, you're sitting on my pole!"

All these exclamations are gotten off in a tone that awakens every echo within a mile around, and sends every fish that hears them into "galloping hysterics." Then the girls, by superhuman exertions, manage to get a worm on the hook and throw it into the water with a splash like the launching of a washtub, and await the result. After a while a feeble-minded sunfish contrives to get fastened on the hook of a timid girl and she gives vent to her tongue:

"Oh, my! something's got my hook!"

"Pull up! pull up! you little idiot!" shout five excited voices, as poles and hooks are dropped, and they run to the rescue. The girl with a bite gives a spasmodic jerk which sends the unfortunate "sunny" into the air the full length of the four-reel line, and he comes down on the nearest curly head with a damp flop that sets her clawing as though there were bumble-bees in her hair.

"Oh, murder! Take it away! ugh! Take it away! the nasty thing!" Then they hold up their skirts and gather about that fish as he skips over the logs, one all the time holding the pole in both hands, with one foot firmly planted on the line, as though she had an evil disposed goat at the other end.

Then they talk it over.

"How will it ever get off?"

"Ain't it pretty?"

"Wonder if it ain't dry?"

"Poor little thing; let's put it back."

"How will we get the hook from its mouth?"

"Pick it up! Pick it up!" says one of the girls, as she backed herself out of the circle.

"Good gracious! I'm afraid! There! it's opening its mouth at me."

Just then "sunny" wriggles off the hook and disappears between two logs in the water and the girls try for another bite. But the sun comes down and fries the backs of their necks, and they get three headaches in the party and they all get cross and scold at the fish like so many magpies.

Finally, they get mad all over and throw the poles away, hunt up the lunch baskets, climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass, and eat enough dried beef, and rusk, and hard boiled eggs to give a wood-horse the nightmare, after which they compare notes about beaux until sundown, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their dear friends by telling them what a splendid time they had out fishing.

Grandmamma's Fan.

By EDITH S. TUPPER.

[The minuet may be danced at the end of each stanza.]

IVORY sticks and painted face,
Bits of yellow, tattered lace,
Tiny mirror set in place,
Beauty sadly marred by age,
But a treasure I'll engage
When the minuet was the rage.

Fancy I can see her now—
Powdered locks above her brow,
Sweeping courtesy, mincing bow,
Such a dainty, graceful maid—
One hand holds her stiff brocade,
Other wields the coquette's aid.

O'er her little head well curled
Spréads the silken toy unfurled.
Now it's shut—anon it's twirled
To conceal a stolen glance,
Or a crimson blush perchance,
As she treads the stately dance.

Ghostly, fleeting vision fair,
Flashing eyes and powdered hair,
Marble shoulders glancing bare—
Time rolls backward for a space,
O'er this faded silk and lace,
Gleams the witch'ry of thy face.

Tobe's Monument.

By ELIZABETH KILHAM.

THE "seven-days' fight" was ended. Hundreds of our brave boys lay with white, still faces upturned to the sky on the slopes of Malvern Hill, or moaned away their lives in the marshes along the Chickahominy. The worn, battered remnants of the Grand Army of the Potomac were encamped at Harrison's Landing, on the James, waiting for transports to take them back to Washington.

It was "after taps," a sultry, Southern summer night. On the extreme edge of the encampment, on the side nearest the enemy, a sentinel paused in his walk, and peered cautiously out into the darkness. "Pshaw!" he said; "it's nothing but a dog." He was resuming his walk, when the supposed quadruped rose suddenly, and walked along two feet, in a manner so unmistakably human, that the sentinel lowered his musket once more, and shouted, "Halt! Advance, and give the countersign!" A faint, childish voice said, "Ain't got none, massa."

"Well, there, now!" said the sentinel, "if it ain't just a little

darky, and I guess I've frightened him half to death. Come here, Snowball."

The child crept up, and said tremblingly, "'Deed, massa, I ain't got nuffin ter gib yer."

"Well. who asked you to give me anything?"

"Yer done ax me fer gib yer suffin jes' now; and I ain't got nuffin 'cep' my close what I got on."

"Well, you needn't fret; I don't want 'em.—Corporal of the guard! Post two."

The corporal hastened to "post two," and found the sentinel with his hand on the shoulder of a little black boy, who, between fear, fatigue, and hunger, was unable to give any account of himself. "I'll take him to Capt. Leigh," the corporal said; "he's officer of the day. Maybe he'll be able to get something out of him."

The captain stood in front of his tent, looking out into the night, when the corporal and his charge approached.

"Captain," said he, "here's a boy just come into the lines."

"Very well, you can leave him here."

At the first sound of the captain's voice, the boy drew nearer to him, as knowing instinctively that he had found a friend.

"You can go into that tent and sleep till morning," said the captain.

"What is your name?" was Capt. Leigh's first question the next morning.

"Name Tobe."

"Is that all?"

"Dat's all, Massa Cap'n."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno, Massa Cap'n. Nobody nebber done tole me dat ar."

"Where have you come from?"

"Come fum de back o' Richmon', Mass Cap'n."

"What did you come here for?"

"All de res' ob 'm runned away; an' ole mass he wor so mad, I wor jes' feared o' my life. 'Sides, I t'ought I mought fin' my mammy ef I got 'mong der Unions."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. Ole mass done sol' her down in Georgy

las' corn-shuckin', an' I ain't nebber heerd ob her sence. But I t'ought mebby she mought ha' runned 'way, too, an' I'd fin' her wid der Unions."

"Well, now, what are you going to do?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. I'd like ter stay 'long wid you."

"What can you do?"

"Kin wait on yer, Mass Cap'n; kin shine up boots; an'"—brightening up as his eyes, wandering round, caught sight of the horses—"kin clean de hosses right smart."

"You are not big enough to take care of a horse."

"'Deed I is, Mass Cap'n; an' I ain't 'fraid o' no hoss. Ole mass allus sent me ter tend ter de hosses dat nobody else couldn't manage. Dey allus lets me handle 'em ef dey's ebber so debblesome. Jes' yer try me, Mass Cap'n, an' see ef I telled yer de troof."

"If I keep you with me you must be a good boy, and do as I tell you."

"'Deed I will, Mass Cap'n. I'se do ebery work yer say, sho's yer born."

So when the troops left Harrison's Landing, Tobe went too, in charge of the captain's horse and baggage; and, when the steamer was fairly under way, he brightened into a new creature as every revolution of the wheel placed a greater distance between himself and "ole massa."

It proved that Tobe had told the truth about his skill in taking care of horses. Capt. Leigh's horse had never looked so well as now, and the captain was delighted. Tobe turned out, moreover, to be a very good boy. But the army is not the best place for boys. So one day Capt. Leigh said,—

"Tobe, how would you like to go North?"

"Whar's it at, Mass Cap'n?"

"I mean my home at the North."

"When is yer gwine, Mass Cap'n?"

"I am not going at all now."

"Does yer mean ter sen' me away from yer, Mass Cap'n?"

Capt. Leigh was touched, and answered him very gently,—

"Yes; I want to send you away from me now, because it will be

better for you. But, when the war is over, I shall go home; and then you can stay with me always, if you are a good boy."

"I allus does jes' de t'ings yer tell me, Mass Cap'n."

"I know you do. And, just because you do what I tell you so well, I want to send you to my home, to run errands for my wife, and do what work she will give you in the house. And I have three little children,—two little girls and a baby boy. I want you to go with them when they go out to play, and take care of them. My home is in a very pleasant place, in the country. Don't you think you would like to go there?"

"Ef yer goes too, Mass Cap'n."

"But, my boy, I can't possibly go now."

"I'se do jes' de t'ing yer say, Mass Cap'n. Ef yer tells me to go, I'se go. An' I'se jest do ebery word the missus say, an' I look af'r de chillens de bes' I knows, ontel yer comes dar. Only please come right soon, Mass Cap'n." And, as the captain left the tent, Tobe cried as if his heart would break.

Capt. Leigh found a brother officer who was expecting to go home on a furlough, and who readily agreed to take charge of the boy in whom his friend was so deeply interested.

But that night came an order for Capt. Leigh's regiment to march at daylight.

"Tobe," said the captain, "you can go in one of the baggage-wagons. Strap up my blanket and poncho, and take them along; and these boots, take particular care of them, for it's not often I can get a pair of cavalry boots to fit as they do."

"Yer needn't be feared, Mass Cap'n; I'se take care of 'em de bes' I knows."

The main body of the raiders were reported on the line of the South Mountains, making for Gettysburg. Scouting expeditions were sent out from the Northern army in all directions; and a body of troops, including Capt. Leigh's regiment, was ordered to proceed by the shortest route to Gettysburg, and head the rebels off. One of the baggage-wagons broke down. The driver of another wagon stopped to help his comrade. The troops passed on, and the two wagons were left alone on the mountain. In one of them was Tobe, with the captain's boots, over which he kept constant watch.

The men worked busily at the wagon, and Tobe sat watching them. Suddenly a trampling of horses' feet was heard, and a party of cavalry came round a turn in the road.

"That's good," said one of the men; "there's some of the boys. If they'll wait a few minutes, we can go along with 'em."

"'Tain't none of our boys," said the other, after a keen glance; "them's rebs."

At the word, Tobe slid down in the bottom of the wagon under some blankets, and lay silent and motionless with the boots clasped in his arms.

As the soldiers advanced, the officer said, apparently in reply to a question, "No, let the men go; we can't do anything with prisoners here. But we'll look through the wagon, and, if the Yanks have anything we want, 'all's fair in war.'"

They reined their horses by the wagon, and, after a few short, sharp questions, proceeded to break open trunks and bags and appropriate their contents.

The soldiers were about finishing their examination, when one of them said, "What's that under the seat of that wagon?"

"Oh, nothing but a torn blanket," said another. "'Tain't worth taking. We have got all we want."

"There may be something under it, though."

He pushed aside the blanket with his saber, and there lay Tobe, endeavoring but unsuccessfully to hide the boots under him.

"Ah!" said the officer, "this is worth while. Here's just what I wanted. Come, boy, hand over those boots, quick."

"'Deed, massa," said Tobe, "I can't gib 'em ter yer. Dey 'longs ter Mass Cap'n, an' he tole me take keer ob 'em mos' partic'lar."

"Can't help that. I've got to have them; so pass them along."

"Please, massa," began Tobe; but the rebel cut him short.

"Will you give me those boots? If you don't do it, and in double-quick time, too, I'll put a ball through your black skin. I won't ask you again. Now, will you give them up?" and he pulled out his pistol.

"'Deed, massa, I can't, case Massa Cap'n—"

There was a sharp click, a flash, a long, sobbing moan, and Tobe

lay motionless, the boots still clasped in his arms, and great drops of blood slowly gathering upon them.

"Enemy in sight!" shouted a picket, riding up.

The officer hastily gave an order; and the rebels dashed off at a furious speed a few moments before a party of Union cavalry, with Capt. Leigh at their head, appeared, riding from the opposite direction.

A few words sufficed for explanation. Capt Leigh laid his hand on Tobe's shoulder, and spoke his name. At the sound of the voice he loved so well, his eyes opened, and he said faintly, "Mass Cap'n, I done de bes' I knowed. I kep the boots."

"O Tobe!" groaned the captain, "I wish you had given them up. I would have lost everything, rather than have had this."

"Mass Cap'n."

"Yes, Tobe, what is it?"

"De little chillens, Mass Cap'n; I meaned ter wait on 'em right smart. Tell 'em"— His voice grew fainter, and his eyes closed.

"Yes, my boy, what shall I tell them?"

"Tell 'em I didn't lose de boots; I kep 'em de bes'—I knowed."

There was a faint sigh, a flutter of the eyelids, and the little life was ended.

Very reverently Capt. Leigh lifted the boots, all wet and stained with blood. "I will never wear those boots again," he said; "but I will never part with them. They shall be Tobe's monument."

In the hall of Capt. Leigh's house is a deep niche, and in it, on a marble slab covered with a glass case, stands a pair of cavalry boots with dark stains upon them, and on the edge of the slab, in golden letters, is the inscription,—

"In memory of Tobe,
Faithful unto death."

How Persimmons Took Cah ob der Baby.

PERSIMMONS was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'sianny;
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.

But he did his duty ever,
As well as you, it may be:
With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded missus' baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,
And, sometimes, those of sinners,—
To run off 'possum-hunting, and
Steal "water-milion" dinners.
And fervently at meetin', too,
On every Sunday night,
He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots' flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies,
With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph-song.

SONG.

"We be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks,—and dey knows it
See de glory-gate unbarred!
Walk in, darkies, past de guard:
Bet you dollar he won't close it!

"Walk in, darkies, troo de gate;
Hear de kullered angels holler!
Go 'way, white folks: you're too late:
We's de winnin' kuller. Wait,
Till de trumpet blow to follow."

He would croon this over softly
As he lay out in the sun;
But the song he heard most often,
His granny's favorite one,

Was, "Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick! shut de do';
Get up off dat flo';
Come heah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood:
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high veranda;
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'Twas then Persimmons's granny,
Stout of arm, and terror-proof,
By means of ax and lever,
Pried up the veranda roof;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cord of rope;
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!
You, Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft!
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide;
And for a while they floated on
Together, side by side;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapped in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste,—
A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord;
And, throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,
"A-totin ob der baby," and
Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes:
Persimmons "'lowed he'd spile 'em:"
So, *sloping* from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang, beside the fountain, in
The crowded city park,
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore:—

SONG.

"Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away.
De chilleren dey passed ober, for
De sea gabe way.
O Lord! *I feel so glad!*
It am always dark fo' day:
So, honey, don't yer be sad:
DE SEA'LL GIVE WAY.

A lady dressed in mourning
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart,
While a substantial shadow
That was walking by her side
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And while she shook him, cried,—
"You, *Jawge Washington*
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Persimmons Henry Clay,
Be quick, splain yourself, chile,
Stop dat ar fool smile!
Whar you done been wid baby?"

The Wonderful Tar Baby Story.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"DIDN'T the fox never catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you bawn brer fox did. One day after brer rabbit fool 'im widdat calamus root, brer fox went ter wuk en get 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a tar-baby, en he tuck dish yer

tar-baby en he sot er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news wuz gwinter be. En he didn't hat ter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come brer rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer fox, he lay low. Brer rabbit come prancin' long twel he spy de tar-baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonishe. De tar-baby, she sot dar, she did, en brer fox he lay low.

"'Mawnin'!' sez brer rabbit, sezee; 'nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

"Tar-baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en brer fox, he lay low.

"'How duz yo' sym'tuns seem ter sègashuate?' sez brer rabbit, sezee.

"Brer fox, he wink his eyes slow, en lay low, en de tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'How you come on den? 'is you deaf?' sez brer rabbit, sezee. 'Kase if you is, I can holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

"'You er stuck up, dat's w'at you is,' says brer rabbit, sezee, 'en I'm gwinter kyore you, dat's wa't I'm a gwinter do,' sezee.

"Brer fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but tar-baby ain't sayin' nothin'.

"'I'm gwine ter larn you howter talk ter 'spectubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez brer rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat en tell me howdy, I'm gwinter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

"Brer rabbit keep on axin' him, en de tar-baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y brer rabbit draw back wid his fis, he did, en blip he tuck er side er de head. Right dars whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis stuck, en he can't pull loose; de tar hilt 'im. But tar-baby, she stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

"'Ef you den't lemme loose, I'll knock you again,' sez brer rabbit, sezee, en wid that he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han' en dat stuck. Tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin, and brer fox, he lay low.

"'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you,' sez brer rabbit, sezee, but de tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'; she des hilt on, en den brer rabbit loose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer fox, he lay low. Den brer rabbit squall out dat ef de tar-baby

don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den brer fox, he sa'ntered fort, lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, brer rabbit,' sez brer fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin', sezee, en den he rolled on de groun, en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo. 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, brer rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuses,' sez brer fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say jedge b'ar come 'long en den loosed 'im, some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin', you better run 'long."

Mrs. Middlerib's Letter.

MR. MIDDLERIB paused with his coffee-cup raised half way to his lips, as his wife took the letter from the servant. She turned it over once or twice, gazed earnestly at the address, and said:

"I wonder who it can be from? I can't make out the postmark. It isn't Perryville; it looks something like Tonawanda, but I don't know anybody in Tonawanda. I wonder if it isn't intended for York? Cousin Hiley Ann Jackson used to visit in York. Why don't they make the postmarks plainer, I wonder? I believe it's Indianapolis, after all. Then it's from Eleanor McPherson, whose husband you met last summer in Canada. It isn't Indianapolis, it's Lacon; that's where Silas Marshall lives. That isn't an L, either. No, it's New Philadelphia, Ill.; I can make it out now; don't you remember! Uncle Abner Beasix went out there in the grindstone business. I wonder if anything has—oh, pshaw! it isn't New Philadelphia, either, it's—what is it? It's R; R-o-m—oh, now I see,

R-o-m-e, Rome. Why it must be from—oh dear me, it isn't Rome, either. I can't make it out at all."

And she turned it over and looked mournfully at the receiving stamp on the back.

"Let me look at it," said Mr. Middlerib, who was beginning to fidget with impatience.

"No," replied his wife, turning back to the postmark once more. "I can see what it is now. It's Spartansburg, Ky. Sarah Blanchard went there after she married. I expect she wants to—it isn't Spartansburg, either, it's Gridley; that's where cousin Jennie Buskirk lives; her husband went there and bought a grist mill. I wonder if she's coming out this summer? I hope if she does she won't bring the children. But it isn't from her, either. I think that it is Mount Pleasant. Oh! It's from Aunt Harriet Murdock, and I know they've all been killed, and that dreadful cyclone! I can't open the letter, my hand trembles so. Do you know, the last thing I said to her when she moved out West, I said—it isn't Mount Pleasant, either, there are only five letters in it. I can't make anything out of it. It is so tantalizing to receive a letter and then not be able to tell who or where it is from."

"Did you ever try opening a letter to ascertain those facts?" asked her husband.

The lady looked at him with an expression of speechless disdain upon her features, and half whispered, "If that isn't like a man," as though any woman ever looked into a letter until she had guessed all around her circle of relatives and friends and clear through the United States postal guide, to decide whence and from whom it came.

This particular postmark, however, was too "blind" for the most ingenious expert to decipher, and at last, with a deep sigh and a little gesture of despair, Mrs. Middlerib yielded to the inevitable, and resignedly opened the letter, pausing once or twice in the act, however, to look longingly back at the tantalizing postmark.

"At last," groaned her husband, who by this time was burning up with curiosity.

But she laid aside the envelope and looked at it a little while

before she turned to the unfolded letter in her hand. Her husband, by a desperate effort, controlled his rising wrath, and, in a voice hoarse and strained, besought her to read the letter, as it was late and he should have been down town half an hour ago.

She did not answer. She opened the letter, turned the first page to look for the end of it, went back to the first page, settled herself in an easy position, and said:

"Well, I will declare!"

Then she read on in silence, and Mr. Middlerib ground his teeth. Presently she said:

"H'm."

She read three or four lines more with eager eyes and noiseless lips, and suddenly exclaimed:

"I don't believe it!"

Then she resumed her voiceless perusal of the document, and a moment later astonished her husband by looking up at him and asking:

"I wonder if that is so?"

Mr. Middlerib replied in mocking tones that it must be or the postmark wouldn't have said so, but her eyes were glued to the page once more, and she made no response.

"Oh!" she fairly shrieked, "did you ever?"

The writhing man at the other end of the table said he never had, but he would if this intellectual entertainment lasted much longer.

"It's too bad," murmured Mrs. Middlerib, turning a page of the letter without raising her eyes.

"Well, what's too bad?" he broke out, wrathfully. "Who is the letter from and what is it all about? Either read aloud or make your comments as mentally as you read."

"I've half a mind to go," she said, in firm, decided tones.

"Oh, have you?" he interjected, with mild sarcasm, "shall I go pack your trunks while you finish that letter?"

"I don't see how they can do it," she said, after an interval of silence.

"Why don't you look at the postmark, then?" he growled, "maybe that would tell you."

She read on, silent and unimpressed, for two or three lines further, and then with an exclamation of astonishment, said:

"How very low!"

"Ah, well," her husband snarled, "I'm glad to learn something about that letter at last. It's about your Uncle Marcus's family, isn't it?"

She did not hear nor heed. She glued her eyes to that precious letter, and went on ejaculating at irregular intervals:

"H'm."

"Oh, that must be lovely!"

"It can't be the same."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, my goodness!"

Until her husband was fairly frantic with curiosity. Finally she concluded the perusal of the important document, sighed, and with profound and exasperating deliberation folded it carefully and replaced it in the envelope.

Mr. Middlerib looked at her in blank amazement.

"Well, by George!" he said, "you are a cool one. Here I've waited full fifteen minutes to learn what that blessed letter is about, and all I know about it is that you couldn't make out the postmark. By George, woman—"

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, with feigned surprise. "Here it is, if you want to see it. I didn't suppose you cared to hear it."

"Didn't want to hear it?" he shouted. "What do you suppose I waited here and missed my train for, if I didn't want to hear that blessed letter?"

"Why, it isn't a letter at all," she said, in the tone of a superior being commiserating measureless and inexcusable ignorance; "it is a circular from Wachenheimer's about their millinery opening next Thursday—"

The bang of the street door cut off the rest of the sentence.

"And what had occurred to vex him," she said to her neighbor, who dropped in during the morning, "I can't for the life of me imagine. Everything about the house had gone on smoothly, and I can't recall a single irritating incident or circumstance."

The Benediction.

By FRANCOIS COPPEE.

IT was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms,—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends,—piff, paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel-hat and long black cloak were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound
In such a dangerous defile not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Ingloriously from the raised and flag-paved square
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it—black demons with shaved crowns,

The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished,
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done,—deliberately done,—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.
I, *certes,* in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man.

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest, beyond all doubt,
Heard; but as though he heard not. Turning round,
He faced us, with the elevated host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us,
"*Vos benedicat*
Deus Omnipotens!"
The captain's order
Rang out again, and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun, and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upward, and indomitably stern.
"*Pater et Filius!*"
Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
"*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*"
He said; and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder, and a sight
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh,
"*Amen!*"
Drawled out a drummer-boy.

The Lost Bride (Ginevra).

By SAMUEL ROGERS.

IF ever you should come to Modena,
(Where among other relics you may see
Tassoni's bucket,—but 'tis not the true one,)
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.

Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you; but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri,—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot;

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,—
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestors,—
That by the way,—it may be true or false,—
But don't forget the picture; and you *will not*,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child,—her name Ginevra,—
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come,—the day, the hour;

Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the luster of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting,
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not.

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived, and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,—
Something he could not find,—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless,—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were passed, and all forgotten,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst,—it fell,—and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished, save a wedding ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name,—the name of both,—
"Ginevra."

There, then, had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever.

"I Was On the Merrimac."

"I WAS on the Merrimac—" "No more," the listener cried.
"The best is none too good for you. Come on, just step inside.
Now eat your fill at my expense and name your brand of wine.
For heroes such as you, my boy, the best is none too fine!"

"I was on the Merrimac—" "I know," the listener cried.
"You rushed into that seething hell and death itself defied,
And now from Spanish dungeons you in some heroic style
Have slipped away and fooled them; I can see it in your smile!"

"I was on the Merrimac—" "Yes, yes," the listener said.
"The laurel wreath is waiting to adorn your gallant head,
And Fame is sitting smiling, just as happy as can be,
All ready now to hand your name to immortality."

"I was on the Merrimac—" "Aha!" the listener sighed.
"To think that you should get away and stem the roaring tide!
To think that I should see the day I'd grasp a hero's hand,
Especially a hero such as formed young Hobson's band!"

"I was on the Merrimac! No interruptions, please,
Because some explanation now will set us at our ease.
I was on the Merrimac a day or two before
The government took charge of her down there in Baltimore!"

The Schoolboys' Strike.

By R. J. BURDETTE.

AMONG the sunny memories of my own school-days there glows, bright and soft as summer sunset, the great strike at Hinman's in Peoria, way back in 1853. Hinman's was the greatest school in the West. The dear old man was Superintendent of Public Instruction, Board of Education, school trustee, county superintendent, principal, assistant, and janitor. He had a pleasant smile, a firm temper, and a slate frame. He also carried about his person a grip that would make a blacksmith's vise crawl into the scrap heap and hide itself. We used to have general exercises on Friday afternoons, at which we were wont to recite in vociferous concert the multiplication tables, the states and capitals, and such thrilling rhetorical exercises as, "Will you walk? or ride?" and "They tell us to be moderate, but they, THEY—are torevelin-pro-FU-sion." It was thrilling. But after we had learned all these chants "by heart," and could chant them off with our eyes shut Hinman introduced an innovation—"speakin' pieces." Upon that we struck. We endured it three weeks, and then we determined to boycott the whole business. All the boys went into it. Bill Smith and Hub Tuttle, Bob Gregg, Ed Easton, Steve Bunn, Bill Rodecker, Hen Keener, and all the big boys, too. The first boy called on to "speak" was to announce the strike, and as my name came pretty well up in the alphabet, I stood a good chance of being the leader, a distinction for which I was not at all ambitious, being of tender years and of a ruddy countenance and sensitive feelings. But a boy named Allen, who was called ahead of me, flunked, and said his piece, "Hohenlinden," although we made such suggestive gestures at him that he forgot half of it and broke down and cried. When I was called I refused to speak. Being pressed for a reason, I said, in faltering accents, that "there wasn't goin' to be no more speakin'." When the old man, with unfeigned surprise, asked me who said so, I said "all of us did." Then he said there would be "a little more speakin'" before the close of the session, and so he led me out upon

the rostrum. Then and there, with feelings which I now shudder to recall, I did my first song and dance act. I had often before performed my solitary cachuca to the lascivious pleasing of "Old Hinman's" slate frame, but never had I accompanied myself with words. Boy like, I had selected for my piece a poem expressive of those peaceful virtues I most heartily despised, so that my performance, at the inauguration of the strike, ran something like this:

"Oh, not for me (*whack*) is the rolling (*whack*) drum,—
Or the (*whack, whack!*) trumpet's wild appeal (boo, hoo!),
Or the cry (boo, hoo!) of (*whack*) war when the (*whack*) foe is come,
Or the (ow!) brightly (*whack*) flashing steel (*whack, whack*)."

I can not convey to the most vivid imagination the gestures which accompanied the seven stanzas of this beautiful poem. Suffice it to say that they kept pace with the old man's peculiar system of punctuation, until, at last, overcome with conflicting emotions, I went sobbing to my seat, and wondered why an inscrutable Providence had given to the rhinoceros the hide that the eternal fitness of things had evidently prepared for the schoolboy.

But I forgot my own sorrows and dried my tears, in the enjoyment of the play, as my compatriots developed it. Mr. Hinman, who had been unusually gentle and self-restrained with me, lost his temper with the boy who followed me, and there was a sound of revelry for the next hour. He shook the boys till their teeth rattled so you couldn't hear them cry; he hit Mickey McCann, the tough boy, one whack with a skate strap, and Mickey ran out and rolled in the snow to cool off; he hit Jake Bailey across the thighs with a slate frame, and it hurt so that Jake couldn't howl—he just opened his mouth and gasped and forgot his own name; he pushed Bill Haskell into a seat and the bench broke; he shook Dan Stevens so that his feet didn't touch the floor for five minutes; he ran across the room and reached out for Lem Harkins, and Lem had a fit before the old man touched him; he whipped the two Knowltons with both hands at the same time, and the Gibbon family, five boys and a big girl, he hit all at once with a girl's skipping rope, and they raised such a united wail the clock stopped; he kept the atmosphere of that old schoolroom full of dust and splinters and

lint, weeping and wailing, until his arms ached and all our hearts wearied of the inhuman strife and wicked contention, and then he stood up before us, in a sickening tangle of strap and cane and slate frame, rattan and skipping-rope, and asked, in clear, triumphant tones:

"Who say's there isn't going to be any more speakin'?"

And the boys of that school rose up as of one being, and shrieked in tones of anguish:

"NOBODY!"

And I, who led that strike, and was its first martyr, I have been speaking ever since.

Deacon Adams to His Son.

WHAT'S them things in yer pockets, Jake, a-bulging out so?
Hey?
What? Apples? After all my good advice, you mean to say
You've been stealin' apples ag'in on the Sabbath day?

A stealin'! Hain't I told ye 'tis a sin to steal a pin?
And stealin' apples on Sunday is a blamed sight meaner sin,
But you will keep a stealin' 'em, time and time and time ag'in.

Sweet apples, too, I'll ventur'! The sickliest kind of trash!
Such condemned foolish wickedness beats patience all to smash;
I wouldn't had it happen—not for fifty cents in cash!

To steal sweet apples, Sundays, ain't no way to behave;
If you dodge cholera morbus you'll live to be a knave.
And bring my wig and nat'ral hair in sorrow to the grave.

I've tried to fetch you up to go in a religious way,
And keep the Sabbath holy. You've often heard me say
I'd rather steal the whole week through than on the Sabbath day.

You'd make a pretty deacon, wouldn't you? Look at me!
Did I get to be a deacon by petty larceny?
No, stealin' is too risky for genuine piety.

This is a wicked world, and pious men in self-defense
Must circumvent the wicked and cheat with diligence,
And make bad men the victims of misplaced confidence.

I don't see, Jacob, where you got your streak of thievery;
It ain't the Adams' style. The Adamses was just like me;
And on your mother's side, the Browns were famed for honesty.

I hope, I really hope, that you won't steal ag'in, my lad,
For if you should get ketched at it, 'twould make me very sad.
Hem! Jacob—hain't you got a good sweet apple for your dad?

Dikkon's Dog.

By DOROTHY LUNDT.

THE distinguishing trait of Grubbins was his unexpectedness. Grubbins was Dikkon's dog. The two sat looking at each other with a look of perfect understanding and full companionship.

"'Pears to me yo' haven't took 's much exercise as common to-day, Grubbins. Don't yo' feel like racin' down a cat or s'uthin', so's to get up a moughty good appetite fer yer Christmas grub?"

The men chuckled. The idea of Grubbins's appetite requiring a tonic was a deeply humorous one. Dikkon opened the door, and Grubbins, with a short approving sniff of the freshening air, trotted out.

"Dikkon, ma lad, I'll gie ye a hint for a Christmas gift," said McAllison. "It was the Colonel himself was sayin' but the nicht's nicht, that the next complaint of Dikkon's dog that came tae his ears, the beastie wad hae a bullet an' a ditch, an' nae mair said!"

"He will, will he? An' what mought he be, that's been with the

old regiment only six months, an' not half the use to it then or now that my old dog—"

"Hold hard, Dikkon! Whist, me boy! It's the short cut to the guard-house you're takin'," said Mooney. "Bedad, the Colonel's bark is a dale worse nor his bite, we ahl know, an' Grubbins *is* tryin' at times, his bist frinds know. Take it lasht shpring when Grubbins gobbled up little Miss Marion's taffy."

"Miss Marion, she's the apple o' the Colonel's eye an' the light of it; an' I pity dog or man that sets her cryin' many times as she cried the other day when Grubbins caught on to her taffy the cook had set out to cool, an'— There they go now! See 'em?"

"Faith, it's small blame to the Colonel, for it's a sunbame little Miss Marion carries in the eyes of her, an' the heart of her; an' she kindled it from the wan that wint away wid her mother whin they laid her, an' the ould Colonel's heart wid her, in her grave a year agone!"

And indeed three-year-old Miss Marion was a winsome sight to see, as in her wee blue-hooded rain-cloak, a golden-haired kobold, she danced across the parade by her soldierly grandfather's side, leading tenderly a tiny terrier, also blue-blanketed, and mincingly remonstrant at the wet grass that brushed his dainty paws.

The other men made their way out for a whiff of fresh air before retreat should sound, leaving Mooney and Dikkon alone.

"It's a moughty queer world," Dikkon said, "where an old yaller dog will stand to one man for what a pretty little baby does to another."

"Manin' yersilf an' the Colonel?"

"Meanin' just that. Ol' Grubbins is about as much to me, I reckon, as little Miss Marion yon is to the ol' Colonel. Fer th' same reason. All that's left to me o' somethin' I loved.

"I reckon I never told ye how I met up with Grubbins? I was in the Tennessee mountings, when we wor down there with Grant. Nigh where we wor camped there wor a cabin. A girl lived thar all alone. Her dad an' five brothers had gone into the Union army, and they never com' back. Her name wor Marcella. She had right pretty blue eyes, an' a cough. Grubbins wor her dog; a five-year-old then, an' 's ornery 's he is now. We got to be right

good friends, she'n I; I hadn't nary a red but my pay; no more she. But I promised ter kem back an' marry her oncet the fightin' wor over. 'Twas in May, '65, I got back there. The cabin do' was tight shet. An' the windows. Ez I kem up I heard Grubbins howl. The neighbors hed jest took care o' her an' left her, an' gone back ter get the coffin. She had changed considerable, thin as a shadder. She had wound grass round my ring to keep it on her finger—it wor a hoss-hair ring. I braided it.

"I stayed for the fun'ral. Grubbins an' I sot by her all day an' all night. When the grave wor filled in, Grubbins he turned an' reached up his big yaller paw ter me, an' his eyes said, 'Reckon it's we two now, ol' man?' An' I shuk his paw, an' I says, 'Yes, Grubbins, 's long as we both live.' An' when I 'listed ez a reglar, Grubbins 'listed 'long o' me."

"An' wid ahl his ecsyncrasities, Grubbins is a credit to the ould rigiment! An'— Saints be good! phwat's that?"

It was a wild commotion on the parade ground. There were growls, and snarls, and doleful squeals; rushing footsteps, thwacking blows, a child's sobs, a stern and angry voice, and—a short, enraged howl in Grubbins's unmistakable accents.

Dikkon and Mooney were in the middle of the parade. In little Maid Marion's arms, pressed close to her tear-stained face, was a squealing huddle of very muddy blue blanket. Grubbins, his yellow eyes afire, a stout cord round his neck, was in the grasp of a soldier.

"Take away that nasty beast— do you hear?" said the Colonel. "I've overlooked his tricks hitherto, because his master is an old soldier and a good one. But when it comes to killing my granddaughter's pet on the open parade—"

"Shure the little baste isn't dead at ahl, sorr! He's just disfracshured a bit, in shpots, sorr, but a shtrip or two o' plashter 'll make him as good as iver he was, sorr,—an that's no good at ahl! An' Grubbins mint no harm, sorr. He'd niver sane the loike before, an' was just investigatin', an' when he found it wad bite—"

"Hold your tongue, Mooney! Take charge of that dog! He has done his last mischief. You will have him hanged within an hour. Not a word, I tell you! Come, sweetheart," and the Colonel

lifted Marion, dog and all, and set her on his stalwart arm. "Hush, hush, dear! The bad dog shan't hurt little Fido any more. Come home, baby; come and find Christmas."

As he turned, he stopped abruptly. Dikkon stood squarely facing him.

"Take back that order, Colonel. Give me back my old dog! Give him back, I tell you! or I'll—"

"Arrest that man! Clap him in the guard-house. He's probably drunk or mad. The court-martial can decide which."

"Dear, dear! I believe I'm half a madman myself when Marion comes into a question," said the Colonel at dinner. "More than ever, since there have been those Apache rumors." There rang out on the windy darkness the long-drawn howl of a dog, followed by a sharp, sudden shot, and another and another.

"What is that? Martha, bar the doors and windows," shouted the Colonel. He caught up his sword and buckled it as he ran.

A little later Mooney went to light the smoky lamp in the guard-house cell.

The Colonel stood just without the door. Across the threshold of the stables lay the body of an Indian; three others, bound hand and foot, crouched sullenly in the midst of their guard. The faint, far echo of galloping ponies was dying away, through the wind, over the plain.

"Let me understand this," said the Colonel. He was looking down at the dead Indian, at whose belt there dangled a child's scalp. The child had had golden hair.

Corporal Perkins stepped forward.

"It was like this, sir. The half-breeds had probably told them Christmas was a good time to attack; they must have crept up through the brush behind the stables. There was a board loose at the back o' the stables; this fellow"—he indicated the dead Indian—"crept through it. Their scheme was to stampede the horses first, so there'd be no way of escape. It'd ha' worked well if—"

"Well?"

"If Grubbins—"

"Grubbins?"

"Yis, sorr!" It was Mooney, now, standing sheepish, at the salute.

"Yer orders was to hang the dog in an hour, sorr; but when the min was a-thrimming the barrick-room clock wid Christmas grane, sorr, they shtopped it intoirely, sorr, an'—"

"Grubbins was in the stables? The dog gave the alarm?"

"Yis, sorr. An' he hild this divil past mischief, sorr, till the senthry—"

"Where is the dog?"

"Shure, he's waitin' his doom, sorr, like his mashter, in the guard-house beyant. Says Dikkon to me, this afthernoon, says he, 'What the shwate little lady up yonder is to the Colonel,' says he—and little did he think that but for Grubbins, this night, them divils that's gallopin' away yon might ha' been—this blissid minnit—"

Apparently by accident, Mooney's foot touched the golden hair that fluttered from the dead Indian's belt.

"Release Dikkon," said the Colonel briefly. "Send him up to me to report. We shall want all our available men before we can round these rascals up."

"Yis, sorr. An' Grubbins, sorr?"

"Don't you know how to treat the dog that saved the garrison?"

"Yis, sorr. I think so, sorr."

The smoky lamp in the guard-house had almost burned itself out, and an old yellow dog was whining for notice, and importunately licking a man's clenched hands and tear-drenched, hidden face—licking and whining, and shambling eagerly all about a man who lay prone in the dust, on the floor.

"Now I'm loony, for sho'! Or p'raps it's his ha'nt. I didn't know dogs had ha'nts."

There are footsteps and the light of lanterns.

"Was it becos the angels couldn't find any wings to fit yo', Grubbins, that they fixed yo' up that-a-way?"

There in the full lantern-light stood an old yellow dog. His neck was hung with Christmas greens. A small American flag was wired to his tail, and was wiggling joyously. His eyes met his master's. With one mighty leap he was in his master's breast.

"Come away, b'ys," said private Mooney. "Grubbins 'll be wantin' to exhplain matthers to Dikkon, and, begorra' we'll be in the way."

She Never Was a Boy.

By S. E. KISER.

WHEN I come home the other night,
With an ugly-looking eye
That I had got into a fight,
Poor ma commenced to cry;
But when I told pa how it was,
He clapped his hands for joy,
And told me I done bully, 'cause
Once he had been a boy.

"Boys will be boys," I heard him say,
"They won't be otherwise.
And the one that learns to fight his way,
Is the one that wins the prize;
When I was his age fightin' was
My greatest earthly joy—"
But ma she kept on cryin', 'cause
She never was a boy.

My golly, but I'd hate to be
A girl with fluffy hair,
And always prim as A, B, C,
With clothes too clean to wear!
When ma was small I s'pose she was
Red-cheeked and sweet and coy—
But, oh, the fun that missed her 'cause
She never was a boy!

A Phenomenal Memory.

"YOU'D better put them down on a piece of paper," said Mrs. S——, when about to give her first order.

"Oh, no," said Mr. S——, "my memory is good."

"Well, then," began Mrs. S——, "a spool of 60 Coates' black thread."

"Yes," said Mr. S——.

"A yard of not too light and not too dark calico."

"Yes."

"A small hammer, a can of peaches of the Pasadena brand, dozen small pearl buttons, two yards cardinal ribbon, silk on one side and satin on the other."

"Yes," said Mr. S——, thoughtfully.

"A pair of slippers for the baby, a dozen lemons, a good tooth-brush, a pineapple, two ounces of sky-blue Germantown yarn, an ounce phial of homeopathic nux vomica pellets, a—"

"Wait a second," said Mr. S——, counting on his fingers and looking perplexed.

"And a bottle of vanilla extract, and a yard of triple box-plaited crépe lisse ruching, and three yards of small-checked nainsook, and—"

But Mr. S—— had seized his hat and was running for the station.

What the poor man brought home was a yard of bed-ticking, three yards of black crape, a bottle of vinegar, eight yards of nankeen, a scrub-brush, a pound of green yarn, sixty spools of "coat thread," a yard of very light and a yard of very black calico, and a pint bottle of homeopathic pills.

"There, my dear," he said, triumphantly, throwing down his numerous packages, "I don't think you'll find a thing missing. Who says a man can't do shopping? My memory never played me false yet."

"Good Night."

By REGINALD WHITFIELD KAYLOR.

[From *Four O'Clock.*]

I FELT in no mood for entertaining, and when the bell vibrated through the lower hall and eventually reached the top floor, I felt tempted to lock my sitting-room door so that a chance caller might imagine there was no one at home. But I didn't, and when I heard footsteps ascending the stairway I decided that whoever it might be he should be treated decently at all events. Because I was a Southerner I felt that hospitality was every man's due, and to treat a guest shabbily, even though he be an unwelcome one, was an unpardonable crime. And then I did not know who it might be so laboriously climbing the stairs. I was expecting no one, and I was in no mood for congeniality. Of course it was my heart that bothered me. The truth of the matter was, I had no heart. I had lost it nearly two months before; and the person who now held it was such an audaciously close-mouthed little body that affairs were decidedly awkward. I didn't know where I was or where I was likely to be.

Of course we talked of other things—lots of things. And she was very kind to me in a way. She was just as kind to Harry King—even kinder, it seemed to me, when we both happened to be there at the same time, which wasn't often. I should have disliked young King most heartily if I hadn't known that she was the custodian of his heart also, and would give him no more satisfaction than myself.

But King had the advantage of me—he was bolder. I knew he would ask her first. What would her answer be? "Yes," of course—to King, I mean. He was better looking, quite a handsome fellow in fact; while I—well, I was never noted for any excess of beauty.

Then he had better prospects, and, though we were rivals, I must acknowledge that he was an exceptionally decent kind of a chap. We were not particularly intimate; he had called at my rooms to play whist, but we had never been alone since we had met two years before.

When I opened my door in response to the rap, I found the hallway in utter darkness, but I recognized the voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Harlow."

"Oh! why, how are you, King? Come in; I couldn't see you. Let me take your coat and hat."

"Thanks," he said: "I was up this way and saw your light, so decided to drop in for a few moments. Hope I'm not keeping you at home?"

"No, indeed; glad you came. Awfully cold out, isn't it?"

"Beastly, and the wind seems to go right through one, but it's nice and warm here."

"Perhaps it's too warm," I said. "Let me open a window, it will freshen the room a bit. I'm a slave to tobacco. May I roll you a cigarette?"

"No, thanks; I never smoke them."

"Fill you a pipe, then?—I have some very fair tobacco here," and in answer to his nod I filled my choicest meerschaum. It was my greatest weakness, this meerschaum. And here I was actually offering it to a fellow I would have locked out. When I finished filling it, I handed it to King with a lighted match. He took a few whiffs in silence, then remarked with evident pleasure:

"Cool smoke!—Well colored, too."

"It's my favorite pipe. I ruined three others before I mastered the art of coloring," and I drew my Turkish tabourette over toward him and showed him my collection with comments and criticisms. He either divined my weakness and humored it, or else he was a crank on the same subject, for he most assuredly appeared interested. After pipes came politics, a subject quite as congenial as the preceding one. We touched the hem of religion. Then we told each other what we didn't know about some literary folk, not all; we were both too bright for that. Ten minutes went to art. Poor, slighted art! Could you have heard, you would have wept tears enough to wash your brushes and moisten your colors for a long time to come.

Conversation is all well enough, so is tobacco. But on a cold, blusterous night, a glass of hot punch, stiff and well brewed, is better still. So I concocted one after a recipe that had been in our

family for a great many years. The recipe was written by a great-uncle of mine, who left it as one of his most priceless belongings. And on the distribution of his things, this old, yellow, ink-faded recipe came to me, while my older brother received his bible, and worried me for over a year in a vain endeavor to trade. After our punch, we smoked another pipe, and King rose to go.

"Don't hurry," I said, "it's early yet."

"Oh, I've overstayed my time as it is," he replied.

I helped him into his coat, and reached for his outstretched hand.

"By the way, Harlow, I had a motive for calling to-night—a delicate one, if you will. I am going east in a few days. Of course you know that I have loved Dorothy quite as well as I know that you have. To-night I asked her to marry me. I knew that she loved one of us, and the only way to find out which one was to ask her."

"Then you wish my congratulations," I replied, tightening my hold upon his hand. I had never let it go since he began. I tried to smile as I said it, but no doubt failed to impress King, for he looked at me strangely, I thought, and his fingers did the tightening this time.

"Oh, no, old fellow," he said, "allow me to congratulate you. Good night."

Sandalphon

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[The Publishers of this book have issued "Sandalphon" arranged as a musical recitation, in sheet music form, with a specially designed title-page. The composition may be performed also as a piano solo, independently of the poem. Price, $1.]

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,

That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands, listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,

Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

When the Northern Bands played Dixie

FRANK L. STANTON

THERE was something that was misty—like a tear-drop—in my eye,
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops marched by.
Ten thousand voices cheering shook the windows of the sky,
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops marched by!

And well-a-day, my Captain, and ne'er turn down your hat
To hide the tear that answered a stirring tune like that!
A soldier is a soldier; but, in the light of God,
No tune has ever thrilled me like that—on Northern sod!

I've heard it on our battle-fields where Lee has led the way
And the Federal guns were gleaming at breasts that wore the gray;
It stirred the ranks of "Stonewall"—but now, from land to land,
They cheer it when they hear it come ringing from the band!

It's one great country, brethren; there's not a barrier wall;
The flag our fathers fought for is streaming over all!
No North—no South, save only a green dividing line
Arched by a cloudless heaven where stars of Freedom shine.

Then let the bands send Dixie in music on the gales,
While Yankee Doodle echoes in flowery Southern vales.
And well-a-day, my Captain, and ne'er turn down your hat,
For Dixie's in the North now, and we shout, "Hurrah," for that!

Village Coward

MARY BERRI CHAPMAN

'FRAID-CAT, 'fraid of a snake!
Hold the fence and scream.
'Fraid of the noise the toad-frogs make
An' the log acrost the stream.

'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the dark!
Cross your heart and die.
If ever you run past dead man's park
Then break your word and cry!

'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the girls,
Little Sammy Sim—
Baby eyes an' sissy curls—
Stick your tongue at him!

'Fraid-cat, every one laughed
When he marched away;
Many's the "stay-at-home" that chaffed
At Sammy Sim that day.

'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the girls,
But not of blood and shell;
And the men that followed the tumbled curls
Shrank not in the fire of hell.

A volunteer for a daring deed,
A cheer in the face of death,
A laughing word for his wounds that bleed,
A smile with the failing breath.

And a shaft of marble above the sod
Is all that tells of him,
But if ever a brave boy found his God,
It's little Sammy Sim!

Her Garden.

By STANLEY SCHELL

Quaint English dialect woman monologue.

SCENE: Speaker is seated on porch making lace on a pillow. She is facing her garden. Visitors stop to admire the flowers and charm of the place.

SPEAKER: Old English peasant woman. Several persons supposed to be present looking at her garden and making comments.

Ay, they'm nice, aint 'em? I grows 'em all myself. [*Smiles sweetly then listens to what is being said supposedly.*]

Yes. All the chil'ern have been gone this many a year and there be only me and my husband left now. He do work at the farm there, and he can do a day's work wi' the best of 'em. I gets plenty of time for my garden and for a bit o' lace making. As for the house, tain't so bad now that landlord has put water in.

[*Has a grateful expression as she rises and comes forward. Stands listening.*]

Not a drop save in the rain water barrel. Nine and twenty year ha' us lived here, and every bucket to be carried all the way from the pump over there by them cottages! 'Tis too far off for 'ee to see en. My husband would bring a pailful when he came home from work, and I carried the rest. [*Gazes around garden, sighs a little, listens.*] Ya think the cottage is pretty?

So all the folk do say; but there be the drizzlin' mist off the sea, and the drashy dirty fog off Dartimoor, and the thatch be rotted, and the walls wants mending, and the landlord's put the water in and won't do nort more. 'Tis a damp old house; but we'm just got to put up wi' it and be thankful we'm got summat. There's nort to grumble at in the summer when the sun do shine, and I've got my flowers; but in the winter it be that cold up on the hill, and dark indoors too and no one apassin' by to cheer'ee up wi' a word. But the dark days go past somehow. It be then as I think of the chil'ern.

[*Lonely look creeps into eyes and forlornness in droop of body and hang of hands. Listens.*)

Far away? Ay, ma'am. Far, far, away from here.

Ay, my darters be in London; married and doin' well, and 'tisn't often they has time to come and see me. 'Tis a bit too quiet for 'em like. 'Tis an out o' the way old spot howsbeever. And my son be in the navy and lives down to Plymouth and we don't see he very often. I've got my man sure and sartain if the chil'ern all scattered about—my man and my flowers. We'm got the sunshine today too, havn't us?

[*Waves her hand gently as she moves back toward house and exits smiling like a happy child.*)

The Mumpy Mumps.

By LUCILE CRITES

I've got awful lumpy lumps;
I've got awful bumpy bumps;
And the doctoring old doctor
Says, I've got the mumpy mumps!

I can't eat, 'cause I can't chew,
There ain't nothing I can do,
Father says they'll soon be over,
'Cause he had 'em one time, too.

Brother Tom gave me a nickel
Just to eat a sour pickle,
Oh, it made my face all crooked!
And the tears began to trickle.

Having mumps makes me feel old
(Since my family don't scold)
Mother doesn't make me wash my face
Because I might take cold.

Gee, I hate these lumpy lumps,
And I hate these bumpy bumps;
And the doctoring old doctor,
'Cause he can't cure mumpy mumps.

Beginning to Clean Out.

Humorous Woman Monologue

By BERTHA E. BUSH

Yes, Henry, I think you are quite right. Our house is too full of things. We ought to have a big clearing up and throw away everything we don't use. Let's begin to-day! I'm so glad it's rainy, so that you can't work and the children are at school. We'll go over the drawers and closet in the spare room and dispose of a lot of things.

Now you begin at the dresser while I set the room to rights What's in the little drawer? Oh, letters and papers. You can put most of them in the wastebasket.

Mercy me, no! You mustn't put that in! That's Bobby's writing set that he got for a prize in school when he was five years old. Oh, I don't know that he cares about it, now that he is fourteen; but I care! Look at the cunning, sprawly writing.

No, those can't be burned up. These are the notes I took at the State Federation of Women's Clubs when I was a delegate. And that's my old diary I kept when I was in the eighth grade. No, you can't burn those up.

Goodness, what are you throwing now! Those are Cecilia's merit cards. She thinks everything of them—or did before she got into high school. No, we can't destroy those.

Oh, Henry, take that out of the waste-basket right away! Only a ten-year-old calendar? Yes; but the picture of the little boy on it looks exactly like Bobby when he had curls. I wouldn't lose it for a five-dollar gold piece. And those are Madge's letters from Europe and too interesting to throw away. And those Bobby's and Cecilia's compositions. Henry, I believe you'd better let me clear out that drawer and you take the lower ones.

What are those white things? Those are petticoats. No; we haven't worn them for three or four years; they are too full for the present styles. Shall we dispose of them? Why, Henry, see all the good goods in them; how extravagant you are! I've always been meaning to make them over, but when I've needed a new one it has been easier to buy one that didn't need making over.

And that's the dress Cecilia wore when she was graduated from the eighth grade. No, she can't wear it now, but I'll make it up some day and use the embroidery. And those are baby clothes that were so cunning I had to keep them. Bobby's little shirt! Cecilia's nightgrown! She could hardly get two fingers in the sleeve now. The little dress she wore when she was christened, and Bobby's first little white mittens. Oh, I couldn't throw away those! How unfeeling you are! Henry, I guess you had better let me clear out the dresser alone, and you and I will go at the closet.

Now just look at that pile of old hats! If there's anything in this world it's foolish to keep, it's old hats! Get them down every one, Henry. No; I can't burn up the white plush one; it cost ten dollars just for the shape. I'm going to have it cleaned and reblocked some day. You may put that back, Henry. Yes, I think I must keep this little, close one; it's so convenient. And that big one I want for a picnic hat. And the wide one is so becoming I mean to trim it over. And the black one? Oh, I guess I'd better keep it; I really need a black hat. There's that old hat of yours you can burn up. You want to keep it? Well, it is a pretty good one.

Let's go at the closet hooks. Oh, I don't believe it's any use taking down the dresses. It just makes me feel distracted. No; we don't wear them now, but they are all so good to make over, and just think if we ever needed them! There's that old suit of yours. We might dispose of that. You want to keep it to go fishing in? All right.

Henry, I don't feel like cleaning out to-day. Let's stop. It makes me feel bad to throw so many things away.

The Conquerors.

By M. S. LANCASTER

Ma, I'm home from school and I'm so hungry—can't I have a piece of this fried chicken, here in the ice box?

No, son, wait until supper, it will be ready by 5.30. [*Shakes L. finger.*]

I can't wait ma, I'm so empty, I'm most starved. [*Rubs stomach.*

No Frank, you can't have any—if I give you a piece, Willie will want one, too.

Well, I don't care, I'm goin' to have this wing, or cry.

Well, then take it, I don't want you to tune up, but don't let Willie see you eating it. I'm going over to Mrs. Wilcox's. I'll be back in a minute or two.

Gee, this is good. Hello, Willie, I got some chicken. Don't you wish you had some, but you can't have any 'till supper—ma said so.

Well, it ain't fair. Give me a bite; if you don't, I'll cry. [*Rubs R. eye.*]

You're on the right trail, Bill, but you're telling the wrong person. Give that speech to mamma, and you'll get the chicken. She hates cry babies. I know by experience. [*Licks fingers and throws away bone.*]

Betsy Bobbity's Bun.

Oh, Betsy Bobbity baked a bun,
A beautiful bewitching one,
So light it fairly shone with pride,
With currants a-plenty safe inside.

And Patsy Poppity peeled a peach,
A pear, a plum, and put them each
In a tiny pie with frosted top,
As fine as those in the baker's shop!

Young Poppity Pup came racing by,
The little red table caught his eye,
Then, never a bit cared he, not he,
That he had not been asked to tea!

He ate up Betsy Bobbity's bun,
With all the currants, ev'ry one,
The three ties at a single bite,
And everything there was in sight!

Apartment Hunting.

Comedy Monologue for a Woman.

By STANLEY SCHELL

CHARACTERS: Mrs. Cogswell, speaker present; Mrs. Anderson, her mother, supposed to be with her, the manager of the Queen Anne, a very swell hotel apartment house on Fifth Avenue.

What a charming entrance hall—so large, so garden like—I love palms, and the paintings are simply charming. I wonder who the artists are—(uses lorgnette and gazes at different pictures) . . . Oh, yes. I believe you have apartments for rent. . . . You have one on the fourteenth floor? How perfectly lovely that is . . . corner? . . . just what we are looking for . . . may we see it? . . . Thanks, yes, now . . . that's what we are here for. [*Enters elevator.*] How do you get the babies up? . . . only one . . . two months old . . . you surely couldn't expect . . . only married a year. . . . Just Ma, and John and baby and me . . . a maid? . . . Oh, yes, of course, I forgot—she doesn't count, however . . . six rooms and bath we want to get—yes. . . . This it?—Oh, the hall is hideous—and what very, very small rooms. . . . Another apartment above the larger rooms? Let's go and see it. . . . Oh, how charming . . . this hall just suits . . . isn't it lovely—such a deep place for the hat rack and such a fine nook for baby's carriage. . . . Oh, don't you? . . . in the basement—damp place for a carriage. . . . No? Above engine room, how perfectly lovely—the pedestal and Psyche can stand there then . . . $300 a month? How moderate—here's the parlor—ma—isn't it a dear with all those lovely cupids on the paper and the mental—lovely—lovely—lovely—and the view—just look at the view—and four windows right on the Park . . . and 1-2-3-4-5-6, yes, 6 windows on the street with lots of sunshine—now let's see how we'll furnish the rooms. . . . This room is lovely for library and dining room—and this will do for for me and baby—such a lovely place for my bed—and here for baby's crib and here for the dresser and in here is a good room for John—simply charming. . . . His bed can stand just here—ah, I know the other place is better but his bed must be just where I can see him before I close my eyes at night—and this

room is just the place for you—you can put your bed here and—oh, you'll prefer to arrange your own room—of course, you would you dear old ma . . . and here is the maid's room with every convenience just for herself—she'll be out of the way—and how John will love this bath—room—he just dotes on water—outside—I'm sure he'll spend more time at home when we live here.

Now, let us see the chef—I want to see the kind of person that does the cooking—and the kitchen—all this most important—[*enters elevator*]. It is most important to see how clean the kitchen and cooking utensils are kept—[*enters kitchen*].

It's wonderful—and—large—and so many people—men with white caps on—I didn't realize the place was so big above—it's certainly bigger below—all things seem to get large underneath—Isn't the chef a dear—and what dainty menus,—and the copper cooking vessels I'd feel I was in heaven if I had all those—perfectly satisfied—[*enters elevator—gets off on ground floor*]—is this where we get off—oh, yes, now I remember. . . . Thank you very much for showing us that dear apartment and the kitchen.—I'll speak to my husband about it as soon as he comes home tonight—I don't want to see another apartment until I tell him all about it—and only $300 a month. . . . Good morning. [*Turns to mother when near exit*]—Wouldn't it be swell to be able to rent such an apartment and live like that every day and have all those perfectly delicious menus? When Jack gets rich, I know we'll do so, won't we? *Exit.*

When Jack Proposed.

I meant to be quite self-possessed and cool
And not behave exactly like a fool;
Intended to be calm and dignified,
And say to him: "Perhaps I'll be your bride."

And yet in spite of all I thought to do,
My plans so fondly cherished ne'er came true,
I simply laid my head upon his breast,
And he can tell you all about the rest.

The Gossips.

Humorous Scotch Encore for Woman.

Ye hae no' heard aboot Mistress Mackintosh's tuth? No? Ye dinna care to hear naught aboot it? Eh! Puir body! She wor in a sair way. She had a bad tuth-ache, and sae she went tull a dentist's to get it poo'd oot. And when it were poo'd oot, it left a great big gap i' her moo', and she wanted the gap fillin' in. And ye'll mind, the dentist he hadna ony fause tuth by him jist then.

Noo, it was aboot the time of the war and theere were a lot o' human tith knocking aboot, and sae the dentist he pit her a human tuth in her moo', and she went hame, and she went to bed, and, puir body; she says it was between yan and twa in the mornin', she thocht she saw a great lang soldier-laddie standin' by her bed-side. And he were glowering doon upon her, and he says, "Mistress Mackintosh, ma'am, that's my tuth you've got in yer heed.' And she says, "No, it isna. It's yon I bocht at a dentist's this mornin'."

And he says, "I dinna care wheer ye bocht it, it's my tuth! I come for it." And wi' thot, he pit his finger i' her moo' and began rummaging aboot to get at the tuth, and a' at yance she closed her tith upon it wi' a gay, firm snap! and—she wakened up, and if it wasna Mister Mackintosh's finger that she'd getten i' her moo', and were chewin'!

And noo he's ganging aboot wi' his arm i' a sling, a-sayin' as it were a' done oot o' spite, because he wadna buy a chest o' drawers for her at a roup the ither day. But I dinna think that likely, for I dinna believe that a woman wad gang for to bite her ain flesh and bluid.

Ye no like her? Eh! puir body! No wah ilse do. She a crazy bit. She niver yet saw the good in na mon.

Will ye have a drink o' tay? No, then ye'll gang along hame noo, yer mon is waitin' fer ye, good day to ye, Mrs. MacMaims.

'Cause He'd Nothing Else to Do.

By HERBERT GREY

'Twas a pleasant summer morning,
Just the day one might enjoy,

He woke and looked out early,
Thinking how his time to employ;
Then said he: "In such fine weather,
I don't care for work, do you?"
So he went to see his sweetheart,
'Cause he'd nothing else to do!

Well, they rambled forth together,
Down the lane, beneath the trees;
So gently stirred the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze:
And whene'er their conversation
Languished for a word or two,
Why, of course, he gently kissed her,
'Cause he'd nothing else to do!

But before the day was over,
He somehow made up his mind
To "pop the question" to her,
If her heart to him inclined;
So he whispered, "Sweet, my darling,
Will you marry me, yes or no?"
"Well," said she, "perhaps I may, dear,
When I've *nothing else to do!*"

Aunt Hanner Hayseed Joins a Lodge.

A Monologue By WALTER BEN HARE

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Come in, Cyrinthy, and set down. [*Hobbles to right and greets her.*] I'm glad you come to see me. At last I can unbosom my troubles into a sympathetic ear.

Set down. Me? I can't set down. I shouldn't wonder ef I'd never set down agin in the whole course of my natural existence.

Yes, I'm awful feeble.

That bruise over my eye? That's one of the things that's troublin' me.

Only one, however? There's others, Cyrinthy, too numerous to mention. No I didn't meet with no accident, it was worse'n that. I look like I'd been run over by a threshin' machine, I know it. I feel like it too. I got a misery in every place possible, and in some places that I never dreamed of.

Yes, my ankel's sprained, too. And I can't taste food-vittels no more. My tongue's lost its power of taste.

What happened to me? Ain't you heard? [*Pause.*] I've jined the lodge.

I never dreamed it 'ud be anything like it was. I couldn't imagine such a thing. The things I seen and the things they made me do is past all imaginin'.

Tell you? Glad to. I have to tell someone or bust! First they said they'd put me in the ante-room. I thought that was real nice of 'em having a room named all in my honor, 'cause the folks here in the village has been calling me Auntie Hanner for twenty years. It was a small kind of a hall-bedroom with cheers around in a row and pegs to hang yer things up on. I sot there by myself about half an hour while the sistern were havin' a meetin' in the lodge room.

At last two of the sistern come out and said they was ready fer me. I got up ca'm and dignified and started into the other room, but I was yanked back quicker'n scat. I thought jinin' a lodge was sump'm sweet and serious, like when I jined the Congregationalists, but I larned different purty quick.

They tied a handkerchief 'round my eyes.

What? Yes, they did, actually. And it 'twan't clean 'nuther. Then one of the sistern gave a loud bang at the door and started to talk Bible talk to someone on the inside. The first thing I knowed they was leadin' me into the presence of the Royal Queen Bee and they told me that she was settin' on her golden throne a-waitin' to receive me.

Well, I dunno nothin' about her bein' a Bee, but one thing I know, and that is that I got stung. Take my word for it, Cyrinthy, I was treated like a slave and a heap worse. They ran me around till I lost my breath, they pulled me over a rough road and dropped me into a bee-hive, they dipped me into a crick and they interduced me to their royal billy-bumper. My, I was mad! With my eye all

bunged up with a bruise and my ankle twisted and me half dead with fright, and they said it was making me a true and loyal sister out of me. If they treat their sistern like that, I wonder what they'd do to their mothers.

Is that all? No! They told me to bend over and pick a little flower, and I bent. But it was a fatal bend. I was struck from behind half way between the altar and the Queen Bee. I tore the blind off'n my eyes and rushed outa that room and down the stairs and home again without even stoppin' to git my bunnet and shawl. And I ain't set down since. They said sump'm about givin' me the grip, but what they *did* give me was worse'n the grip and the influenza to boot, and I'm done with lodges forever! Forever!

Good-bye, Cyrinthy. Don't tell your husband. You know it's all secret.

"De Conjure Man."

By CHARLES C. JONES

Dey's a Cunjure Man in a place I know,
But I ain' gwine go to see;
An' he live down dar on de Long Bayou
By dee beeg ol' cypress tree;
An' he's black ez soot, an' his eyes is red,
An' his fingers long an' slim,
An' his teefs fell out o' his ol' bald head;
An' I got no use fo' him!

Say de Cunjure Man: "What you plague me fo'?"
So I'se glad I come by day,
But I say: "Suh, please, dey's a yalleh Joe
Try to steal mah M'liss away."
"Don' you name no names! Jes' you pay me right,"
Say de Cunjure Man so quick;
"Den you come back yere wif de mawnin' light,
An' we mek some niggah sick!"

Den he show two sacks, when I come again,
What is had tobacco in;
An' I don' know what dey is in 'em den—
Mebbe piece o' bat-wing skin,
An' de lid peeled off from a lizard's eye
When dey ain' no moon or sun,
An' some dead man's hair—but I ain't gwine try
Fo' to peek ner projick none!

An' he sidle clost, an' he say: "Dese two
Wif de half-charm each I fill,
Now you fin' de door whut he mus' come froo,
An' you slip one 'neath de sill;
But de oder sack what's de res' o' dis,
In de runnin' water frow;
An' de man what try fo' to steal yo' M'liss
Gwine to stay roun' yere no mo'!"

"Caze de curse o' de wanderin' foot, it bide
Fo' to wrop him like a coat:
Ef he once step foot 'crost de sack you hide,
Den ez long ez t'odder float,
It will dog him on, an' he cain't turn home!
Ef de buzzard sail de sky,
Or de squinch-owl screech, he mus' roam en' roam
Twel he done lay down to die!"

So I tuk mah foot in mah hand dat day
An' I done it all up slick;
Ner I ain' fo'got how de Cunjure say
Us'll make some niggah sick.
An' we done dat, too! But it jes' do prove
How de bes' o' plans goes wrong:
'Caze de charm don wuk fo' to mek Joe move,
But he tuk mah M'liss along!

Aunt Mandy's Mating.

By CATHERINE RHODES DAVIS

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Humorous negro dialect woman monologue in two parts.

Aunt Mandy, a colored laundress, speaks.

Part I.

Howdy, honey, how you does dis mawnin'? Feelin' good? Dat's fine! Dat's de way I laks to fin' yo'. No'm, I ain't so pyert, mlse'f. Dat good-fer-nothin' Lize-Jane, she done had de cholry-marvels all night, an' kep me up awaitin' on her till I'se mos' tuckered out dis mawnin'.

Dat's a offul purty way yo' got o' fixin' yo' hair up, chile. Hit makes yo' look so *indifferent.*

Wall, honey, we sho' did have a fine discohse at church las' night. Brer Abram, he's a mighty smaht niggah, an' sich a pohtable man, honey. When he riz up dar in de sanctimony, wid his long black princess coat, I sez to myse'f: "He sho' is a han'some niggah." He sez: "Dearly beloveds, my tex' am a easy one. It am one yo' can all 'membah, an' hits one I wants yo' all to live by. Hit am dis: 'Be hones' an' fraud no man.' Chile, dat niggah sho' did preach frum dat tex'. I disremembers now jes' where yo'll fin' hit in de Book; but he sho' did tell dem niggahs 'bout dey se'ves. He cum along home side o'me an' he went to tellin' me 'bout how misable a life he wuz a leadin' since Mis' Abram, she done went and died from assumption uv de lungs. I tole him go 'long off wid his lonesomeness, I ain't bothered 'bout hit. But dat fool niggah, he say it ain't good fo' man to be 'lone. He done been a tellin' me kyant nobody cook lak me. He say he want er git me to reside ovah his table an' make his life a blossomin' pergolory an' be his seamster, too.

When you helped me get my divorce off Davy when he ran off with that yellow girl, I sed I never, never would marry again, but

men kin 'suade an' 'su-u-ade. Dey des 'suades an' suades tell a po' weak-minded 'oman ain't got no min' at all.

You say his wife ain't bin dead a year yet? Sis' Abram's deader'n nit! She's dead ez she'll ever be! 'Tain't no use'n me lettin' dis chance slip by. Too many yaller girl a traypesin' roun' after Brer Abram, chile. De book, hit say "a bird in han' 's wuf a hun'ed in a cage." An' hit say to strike when de i'un's hot. I 'low I better not take no chances on dat pohtable preacher niggah. He might make another indecision. So, I fetch dis here envellup an' dis paper fo' you to write me a letter, honey, an' I wants yo' to do you' best. He's a edjicated niggah, chile. Say dis as I tells hit to yo'.

Deah Reve'nd Abram:

De hours am slow an' weary sense yo' done went away. Your honeyful words been buzzin' in my yeahs. I been 'flectin' on you' pohtable 'pearance, an' yo' condescendin' offer to encumber me wid yo'se'f. I ain't findin' it in my heart to infuse yo'; so I seat myse'f an' takes my pen in hand, to write you dese few lines to let yo' know I will except yo' offer.

I'se been a mournin' fo' you' presence jes laik a little mou'nin' dove, mournin' fo' hits mate.

Frun you' own true love,

Mis' Mandy Carter.

Mist' Abram, he done went an' bought dis here paycock blue ca'fsmere and dis cream lace fo' to ornify me fo' de weddin' [*Presumably shows cashmere and lace to listener.*] An' dis here misquiter—honey: you is sich a good seamter.

An' my gal, Pearline, an' his gal, Rubifoam, dey's gwine to be de flower-gals, an' my tother gal, Exsy, she gwine be maid of honoh, her full name is Esxema. We des say Exsy fo' short. All my chilluns got quality names. My baby girl, we calls her Angy fo' short; but her full name is Angina Pectoris. Dat name come outen a medicine book. Mist' Abram, he says his boy's name Agamenon; but when he's little, he be so pesterin' bad, allus an' forever into

trouble, dat dey des tuck to callin' him Trouble, till dey des say Troub fo' short. You gwine show me 'bout dat weddin' gown, ain't you, honey?

PART II.

Chile, you was at my weddin', wasn't you? Did you token notice ob dat weddin' bell? An' arter dey sund de hymn "One more mourner done cum through," did you hear dat preacher say "S'lute the bride? You seed dat bride take dat pohtable preacher out dah doah? Honey, I des does love an' adoah dat niggah; but he not gwine s'lute a dis bride 'fo' all dem white folks. No, sah; he do his salutin' at home.

Look a-yonder, honey! See dem clouds? 'Never you see de sky a disgrainnin' an' de clouds a havin' convulsions, yo' can sho' look out fo' some kin' uv weather. An' I got to be moseyin' on kyase Mist' Abram, he done been tellin' me not to inspose myse'f. Fo' I goes, honey, I wants to ax you to order me a dime can o' constipated lye. A cook? No, chile, I don't know whar you'd fin' one. Dis yistiddy, dey wux three white womans out our way astin' if we knowed any colored ladies that wants to cook. You see, honey, we'se all got husbands an' our husban's don' permit us to work.

You know dat triflin' yaller gal, Vashti? Dat'n what paints her ugly self and wears specs? She say she haf to wear 'em kase of her vision of eyesight. She des apein' white folks. Don't need 'em no moah'n I does! She been a tryin' to tote Mist' Abram 'way frum home. What'd I do? I done a plenty. I bent her to a frazzle an' tuk a broom an' knocked dat pohtable niggah down an' beat him up so good he been feelin' pohly ever since.

Honey, don' you ever let nobody run over you, none o' dese photographer-womens what work on writtin' machines 'n' nobody! You stan' up fo' yo'se'f, honey—yo' man'll like yo' heap better, chile; I des does love an' adoah dat niggah.

Song of Good-By.

By FRANK L. STANTON

To-day, alas, the golden pitcher is broken:
The last sad words I drearily repeat;
Yet take from me, dear heart, this latest token:
A flower my memory leaves at thy dear feet!

The only one! . . . Perchance 'twill deck thy bosom
When I afar shall from thy presence be;
A mockingbird sang sweet upon a blossom
And dashed it down to me.

I am the one that heard the bird-songs ringing,
When never bird sang in the sunshine fair;
I am the one that saw the summer springing
When winter made a garland of his hair.

I am the one who said: However lowly
Thy steps may tread, there will still be a hand
To lead thee to the pleasant paths and holy,
And to the lovelier land.

Remember this: Through long years I shall miss you,
When lie our paths, as they must lie, apart;
I shall grope weary through the dark to kiss you
And listen for the beating of your heart!

But if, some day, you only shall remember
One beautiful and crowned supernal day;
Then shall my loneliest life's unloved December
Beam like a perfect and immortal May!